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## STYLE AND LITERATURE

William Watson, the poet, has said very happily that "style is the great antiseptic in literature"—that only by virtue of its style can literature endure. But may one not go further and say that style is the very condition of literature, that literature without style is not literature at all, that the phrase is a contradiction in terms? Is it not precisely in style that we find that which distinguishes literature from what is not literature?

A famous definition of style is that by Swift. "Proper words in proper places," says Swift, "make the true definition of style." This is utterly unsatisfying. To tell a man to put proper words in the proper places is just about as valuable a precept as to tell him to distribute his ink properly over the paper, or to tell the maker of a steam-engine to combine metals of the proper shape in the proper way. Swift's definition is utterly sterile and impotent to quicken thought into any fruitful life. Far otherwise with the renowned maxim of Buffon: "*Le style est de l'homme même*," "The style comes from the man himself," not, as it is universally misquoted: "*Le style est l'homme même*," "The style is the man himself." Unlike Swift's definition, this saying makes for the heart of the matter, and if one can succeed in exposing fully to view what is wrapped up in this capital maxim of Buffon, we shall be well on the way to a right understanding of the true significance of style. But before proceeding to details it is well to remove a possible misapprehension of the definition and to answer a probable objection that may be urged.

The possibility of misapprehension is mainly due to the general misquotation which I have just mentioned, though it is also due to a very common loose usage of the word style. If Buffon had said, style is the man himself, he might very naturally have been understood to mean that whenever a man reveals in words the kind of man he really is, then he has spoken or written style. And that is just the understanding that would be countenanced by the common loose usage of the word, for we commonly say that a man's style is his way of expressing himself. If we were to alter this by stressing the last word, and say, a man's style is his way of expressing *himself*, then we should have the wrong interpretation of Buffon's maxim, which I am, perhaps unnecessarily, trying to guard against. And a wrong interpretation it is, for style is no more a man's way of expressing himself than manners are a man's way of behaving himself. It is true that the word manners is also used thus loosely. Thus we might, speaking loosely, say that Lord Chesterfield, Senator Tillman, and Fuzzy Wuzzy all had manners; that is to say, each has a pretty well-defined way of behaving himself. But we all realize that, in the proper sense of the word, Fuzzy Wuzzy has no manners. And in the same way I should deny that a freshman's composition, even though it revealed pretty faithfully the freshman behind it, had style. Let me insist, therefore, on the true reading of Buffon's maxim: the style comes *from* the man himself. That does not mean that a man's revelation of himself in spoken or written words is in itself style, but that such a revelation is a requisite of style. Whether the product is style or not depends, as we shall presently see, on the quality of the self that is revealed and the ability of the writer to reveal that self in an adequate way.

Now that I have removed, as I hope, any misunderstanding of our fundamental maxim, I wish to clear the ground further by stating and replying to an objection which is sure to rise in any mind that reflects a little on what that maxim signifies. On such reflection the question will almost certainly rise, *Does* style always come from the man himself? Is it not frequently the very cunning of style to conceal the man's real self? What of Talleyrand and his paradox that "language is the art of con-

cealing thought?" And, even if there is no purpose of dissimulation, but on the contrary the utmost effort to put oneself into what one writes, does not Tennyson tell us that

Words, like Nature, half-reveal  
And half conceal the soul within?

Now, as regards Tennyson's beautiful words, I cannot reply to them for the simple reason that, though I have hitherto imagined they contained a deep meaning, I find on a closer examination that they mean to me absolutely nothing. I can see that words may only half reveal the soul within, but that they half conceal it, except in the sense that they only half reveal it, I do not see. In the case of deliberate dissimulation, or suppression, however, I deny that artistic language used for that end conceals the personality of the artist. On the contrary, it reveals his personality. It may indeed admirably conceal his personal opinion or his personal intention, but just so far as the language has style it exhibits his personality. It exhibits the individual quality of his mind, and what is the individual quality of his mind but his personality? The case of Shakespeare is one in point. Critics are never tired of pointing out that of the personal opinions of Shakespeare we know almost nothing. His reserve is as mighty as his art. But of the quality of Shakespeare's mind we are in a position to form a very definite judgment. If this be granted, we are now in a position to accept Buffon's maxim and to see it with this additional light: when he says that "style comes from the man himself," he does not mean that the man reveals in his style his entire self, but that the style reveals some essential quality of himself. Perhaps the more accurate translation of the sentence would be: "The style of the man himself."

And now this much seems clear as to the fundamental requirements of language that can be called style: that it must reveal in some way the personality of the writer, and that the personality thus revealed must be of a certain specific worth. If a writer would have style he must have a personal something worth revealing and he must compel language to reveal it. Now this means more than it might seem to mean. I get from it four important propositions:

1. The writer must have a sure recognition of what in his personal inner experience has real value.
2. He must throughout the process of composition preserve this personal something in its integrity.
3. He must make himself an expert in the use of language.
4. He must be steeled to resist the temptations to which an expert in language is exposed.

"Any transgression of, or want of conformity to" these four laws is stylistic sin. And I may add that any writer who says that he is without stylistic sin deceiveth himself and the truth is not in him. Like other standards of righteousness, this standard of style can be approximated only.

1. The writer must have a sure recognition of what in his inner personal experience has a real value. I wish I had a neat word for inner personal experience, but I cannot find one. I mean a state of consciousness in which opportunity is given for the free play of all a person's capacities. And what is most important for our purpose here is to distinguish this state of consciousness from a self-compelled state of consciousness—the state of mind when we surrender ourselves from the state of mind when we discipline ourselves. The distinction is of first importance, for just as an absolute self-surrender is required to receive the free grace of God, so is an absolute self-surrender required to secure that deeply personal consciousness which is the initial impulse of any truly literary work. This self-surrender—to outward impressions and to the visitations from the deeps within—is the very condition of maintaining one's personality. "To be yourself," said a quaint philosopher, "you must let yourself be." That is, you must not restrict yourself, must not tamper with yourself. Here we have the essential difference between literature and science. Just as the initial condition of literature is self-surrender, the initial condition of science is self-restriction. A science must needs deal with a state of consciousness forced into limits; literature with a state of consciousness left in its integrity. Science generalizes: literature individualizes. Science is impersonal: literature, personal. The essential difference between faith and reason is the same. Apply



the scientific method to Christianity and you narrow the force of its appeal. Give a course in Christian evidence to a young man who really knows how to think scientifically and you help to make him a skeptic. And that is not the fault of Christianity. There is nothing like the method of Christian evidences in the Gospels. A man becomes a Christian only by an inner personal experience.

In support of what I have said, I may recall how notorious it is that almost all great literary men have been in their youth impatient of the intellectual discipline of the schools. Among this guild of men college degrees are very scarce. Now I take this to mean simply that, recognizing the value of what they found in themselves, they instinctively refused to let it be tampered with. They were compelled by their natures to keep their personalities intact. Not that they had no discipline. Without discipline they would never have become great artists. But their discipline was self-imposed by their necessity of getting themselves into words. To master the language they wrote in, years of arduous discipline were necessary. Louis Stevenson's charming essay called "An Apology for Idlers" contains the best justification I know of the refusal of a young man to put his neck under the yoke of the routine of the schools. He was himself an incorrigible idler in his Edinburgh days, and he never regretted it. For him idling was a virtue. I suppose that most college students would be very ready to put into practice what I seem to advise. By all means. If you have a sure recognition of the high value of your inner personal experiences, that is if you feel yourself to be a literary genius, never mind your mathematics, but devote yourself, like Stevenson, to English composition.

For my first proposition as to the requisites of style is that the writer must have a sure recognition of what in his personal inner experience has real value. I have excluded all scientific thought as not being really personal. Perhaps I should add, however, there may be along with scientific thought an emotion that is personal. But unless this personal element is present in the language in which the scientific thought is couched, there will be no style. For example, I suppose it is likely enough that

when it flashed upon Herbert Spencer that evolution is "an integration of matter and a concomitant dissipation of motion, during which the matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity" (words that would make Quintillian stare and gasp), he felt a gust of what is called "cosmic emotion." But in this definition, which is doubtless the ideal of scientific language, the personal emotion is pretty well evaporated. Style, I take it, is in science a great vice.

But there may be experience which is genuinely personal and which yet has no value as an initial impulse toward literature. The writer must know how to reject such experience as material to develop. I do not believe that a man naturally runs any great risk here. An inner personal experience of real worth brings with it as ample guarantee a feeling of exquisite joy. But a man who has acquired the habit of writing, or who has to write, is apt to acquire too great a respect for himself and to take everything in himself too seriously.

This was just the trouble with Wordsworth. The verses of William Wordsworth, the poet, have style; but those of "Old Daddy Wordsworth" (as Fitzgerald affectionately terms him) are such that they had better never have been written. Wordsworth lost at times his ability to recognize values; and this in a poet who was at times supremely great is a distressing example of taking all one's thoughts with equal seriousness.

I have said that the warrant of the worth of an inner personal experience is to be found in the feeling of great joy that it brings. That is what is given to the author by the grace of God, but the gift in itself does not make him one of the chosen. We all, I think, have some moments of this kind, moments in which we feel within us, germs of poems, of dramas, of essays of real charm. But this does not mean, alas, that we are of the chosen. The literature in us is of the potential, not of the actual. This whole matter of the initial conception and the relation of this conception to the final product is so admirably and charmingly stated by Dr. Holmes in the "Autocrat" that I must quote the passage in full:

"A lyric conception — my friend, the poet, said — hits me like

a bullet in the forehead. I have often had the blood drop from my cheeks when it struck, and felt that I turned as white as death. Then comes a creeping as of centipedes running down the spine—then a gasp and a great jump of the heart—then a sudden flush, a beating in the vessels of the head—then a long sigh—and the poem is written.

"I said written, but I did not say copied. Every such poem has a soul and a body, and it is the body of it, or the copy, that men read and publishers pay for. The soul of it is born in an instant in the poet's soul. It comes to him a thought tangled in the meshes of a few sweet words—words that have loved each other from the cradle of the language, but have never been wedded until now. Whether it will ever fully embody itself in a bridal train of a dozen stanzas or not is uncertain, but it exists potentially from the instant that the poet turns pale with it."

And this applies not only to the genesis of a lyric poem, but to the genesis of any work of true literature.

2. My second proposition is that the writer must, throughout the process of composition, preserve the personal something in its integrity. Now it may seem, at first glance, to be no very difficult matter to hold fast to what has once been conceived in the mind, but anyone with a conscience who has attempted to preserve a conception in its integrity throughout the process of composition knows well that it is one of the hardest things in the world to do. I say anyone with a conscience. There are thousands of people who write and talk from the platform who have no conscience whatever, and it must be said that the reading and lecture-going public do not demand a conscience. They are content with a patchwork of platitudes. But a platitude is a statement in which the individual or personal element is absent, and a patchwork is a succession of statements in which the original single conception fails to be steadily maintained. Even in science this conscientious holding fast to the main idea is an arduous task. But in literature it is ten-fold more so. In science it is possible to construct a logical scheme for the exposition or argument, and a constant regard for the prearranged scheme will prevent the writer from going astray. This process

is like the construction of a machine from a mechanical drawing. But literary architecture is a far more subtle thing than scientific mechanism. As in any genuine architecture, there must be a fundamental unity of conception, and this single conception must pervade every part. "In literary as in all other art," says Walter Pater, "structure is all important. The writer must have that architectural conception of work which foresees the end in the beginning and never loses sight of it, and in every part is conscious of all the rest, till the last sentence does but, with undiminished vigor, unfold and justify the first." For such work no rules are possible, though the existence of many literary patterns are of course of great aid. There is, for example, ready for the artist who has studied the short story, a certain type of structure which projects him some distance along his way. But for all that, he must devise his own individual method of development.

The artist, then, must see to it that his original conception never lapses. Now among the chief dangers that beset his way is the danger of the lapse from the individual into the general. It is a peril of a specially insidious kind and may impose upon the artist in the guise of pure truth. There is no more trying experience than to have a deep personal conviction, which you have been laboring to express, translated for you by some matter-of-fact or narrowly scientific mind into the most humiliating platitude. Style is so and so, the devotee of literature toils and sweats to say. "Do you not simply mean," coldly remarks the matter-of-fact gentleman, "that a writer must have something to say, and say it?" And at first he is almost cajoled into admitting that after all that is just what he does mean. But no! By all that is sacred, he does not mean that. It would be capital treason to admit that he means that. He has failed to convey well just what he does mean, because he is no artist, but he means something which is vastly more particular, and it is in this particular something that the whole significance lies.

Just here lies the fallacy of Pope's much quoted lines in which he tells us that the artist gives to us

"What oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed,"

and of the assertion that "Raphael was not the first to conceive the Madonna in his picture; he was the first to express it." I emphatically deny these statements. What oft was thought is a generality; what is so well expressed is a particular possession of the artist, and, until he expresses it, a possession of him alone. That special conception of Raphael was his own special conception, and is as truly Raphael's—more truly Raphael's—than is his technique. And my point is that the preservation of this special conception of his own—the safeguarding of it from a metamorphosis into a general conception common to many—is one of the most difficult, but one of the most necessary, requirements of the artist.

3. So far I have been speaking of the requirements of the writer before he comes properly to the medium, that is to the language, in which his conceptions are to be incarnated. It is perfectly true that words must be present to the writer's mind at the very moment of the initial impulse, and that they are more and more present from that moment up to the time when he definitely sets himself down to compose. But, putting this aside, we come now to my third proposition, as to what is necessary for the attainment of a style. The writer must make himself an expert in the use of language. I once heard a writer of subscription books say that "when a man had really something to say that was worth saying, the thought would clothe itself in language as naturally and as perfectly as the tree grows from the soil." Why was it that this saying met with rather a cordial reception from the audience to whom he was speaking? Why is it that some may feel that the statement is at least plausible? I think that it is because, in the first place, we like to think of a great author's gift for noble language as something divine, as not only an inspiration in spirit, but as a verbal inspiration; and, secondly, because we know pretty well that sometimes a poet, for example, does write a great poem without hesitation. The "Break, Break, Break," Tennyson says, simply "came to him," and he wrote it down. It is only the last consideration that deserves serious attention. In those very rare instances in which a bit of real literature seems to be improvised, it is probably not



really improvised at all. During the period of incubation, though the author may not have been consciously seeking for words, he was probably doing so unconsciously, and what comes to him apparently as a thought in its complete incarnation has, in all likelihood, been gradually evolved by himself in essentially the same way that he evolves things in the ordinary course of his work. This at all events, is the opinion of a number of authors who have discussed the matter, and the point is maintained with great convincingness in Stevenson's essay on Thoreau.

But even if we were to grant something like improvisation on the part of an author at certain rare moments, no one is likely to deny that the words come to him only by virtue of a long and hard previous training in the use of language. He must acquire expertness in the use of his instrument, and what needs emphasis is, that he must study the instrument in a thorough, in a scholarly way. He must acquire the keenest sort of sense for the finer usages of words, their denotation and their connotation; that is, he must be able to use them both with scientific exactness, when occasion requires, and with fruitful suggestiveness, as is more often demanded of the artist. I do not mean by this a philological knowledge, though a philological knowledge of words, which is a knowledge of their original import and their subsequent history, is of real value to the artist: witness De-Quincey's fine effects in restoring to a word its lost significance. But I mean a live sense of the meanings of words as employed by past masters and likewise in current usage. I say that this knowledge must be scholarly. If it is not scholarly, if the writer is deficient in exact knowledge of the capacities of words, he will not be able to make his instrument do his work in any truly adequate way. He will be diffuse, sloppy, commonplace; he will, in other words, fail to get his own particular conception embodied at all. In these days, when so much of our literature springs from journalism, such a scholarly training is particularly needed. In much of the so-called literature that is popular, the English language is treated with shocking irreverence. And by that I do not mean mistakes in grammar or positive misuse of words, but that there is a shocking failure to

bring out the capacities of words. A musician who has no notion of the capacities of the violin on which he is playing, is treating the violin with irreverence in as real a sense as if he were sounding discord on it. This danger is particularly great just now. It is growing. In the eighteenth century the language was uniformly treated with far more respect.

That all writers of great worth have submitted themselves to a rigid training in the use of the instrument it is not hard to prove. We all know from the memoir of Tennyson what a deeply conscientious student he was of the minuter effects of words. I think it was some fourteen re-writings that he gave to the "Splendor falls on castle walls." And to give a more direct testimony, I may be permitted to quote once more a now somewhat hackneyed passage from Robert Louis Stevenson:

"All through my boyhood and youth I was known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler; and yet I was always busy on my own private end, which was to learn to write. I kept always two books in my pocket, one to read, one to write in. As I walked my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words; when I sat by the roadside I would either read, or a pencil and a penny version-book would be in my hand, to note down the features of the scene or commemorate some halting stanzas. Thus I lived with words. And what I thus wrote was for no ulterior use, it was written consciously for practice. It was not so much that I wished to be an author (although I wished that too) as that I vowed that I would learn to write. That was a proficiency that tempted me; and I practiced to acquire it. . . . Whenever I read a book or a passage that particularly pleased me, in which a thing was said or an effect rendered with propriety, in which there was either some conspicuous force or some happy distinction in the style, I must sit down at once and set myself to ape that quality. I was unsuccessful, and I knew it; and tried again, and was again unsuccessful, and was always unsuccessful; but at least in these vain bouts, I got some practice in rhythm, and harmony, in construction and the coördination of parts.

"That, like it or not, is the way to learn to write; whether I have profited or not, that is the way. It was so Keats learned

and there was never a finer temperament for literature than Keats's; it was so, if we could trace it out, that all men have learned. . . . Burns is the very type of a prime force in letters; he was of all men the most imitative. Shakespeare himself, the imperial, proceeds directly from a school. It is only from a school that we can expect to have good writers; it is almost invariably from a school that great writers, these lawless exceptions, issue. Now is there anything here that should astonish the considerate? Before he can tell what cadences he truly prefers, the student should have tried all that are possible; before he can choose and preserve a fitting key of words, he should long have practiced the literary scale: and it is only after years of such gymnastic that he can sit down at last, legions of words swarming to his call, dozens of turns of phrase simultaneously bidding for his choice, and he himself knowing what he wants to do and (within the narrow limit of a man's ability) able to do it."

From this we see very clearly that, however much of an idler Stevenson may have been in the eyes of his parents and of the world, he was in reality submitting himself to the hardest kind of discipline.

I have lately been very much interested in a study of the early work of another English author who has since attained considerable reputation and a certain popularity. He has, so far as I know, never spoken directly of his own methods, and he is regarded so little as essentially a stylist that I have rarely seen the term style mentioned in connection with his name. But in his early work the young man is all stylist, that is in the narrower sense of the word, meaning one who is practicing exercises in expression. He has nothing very particular to say, is joyfully innocent of a message to the world, or any burden of the mystery of things. His sole delight in composing is the delight in learning to tame the medium of words. Every conceivable trick of language the energetic youth attempts to perform, and in most cases succeeds with remarkable brilliancy. Watching eagerly the linguistic performances of the writers most in vogue, he tries his hand at them all, and in most cases manages to surpass the others. Much of this is very fantastic,

very artificial, very far-fetched; some of it very much out of taste, a candid mind must admit. He loves to "torture one poor word ten thousand ways," to follow meanings and the shadows of meanings into the most remote recesses, to heap up antitheses and curious balances of phrase, to pursue figures of speech into regions where to interpret them is like interpreting the square root of minus 10. He has written a series of sonnets, of which many are exercises of this sort. And in this way he is becoming a powerful tamer of words, an expert in the use of language. And I know of no contemporary author who is so great an expert. Much of his power is due to his innate genius, but much is also due to the extent and thoroughness of this early apprenticeship. I am speaking, not of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, but of Mr. William Shakespeare.

Mr. Kipling, however, had a similar apprenticeship, in that he, too, was a student of minute effects. Recall the incident in *Stalky & Co.*, in which Beetle, who represents the young Kipling, is deeply chagrined because he remembered too late a telling single word to put in an article for the school paper. Recall also how Sentimental Tommy failed to win the prize for a composition because he could not help waiting an hour for the only right word. It is needless to say that Sentimental Tommy is Mr. Barrie himself. But it is not necessary to give further evidence. The person who imagines that if he has something to say, the right words will come, whether he has had training or not, is in hopeless ignorance of the fundamentals of composition.

4, My fourth proposition will not need much development, and it is indeed perhaps implied in the others. The writer must be steeled to resist the temptations of an expert in language. Now I am not speaking of the "gift of the gab." The man who has the "gift of the gab" is in no sense really an expert in words. The ability to remember readily a certain number of words of three or four syllables and a certain number of stereotyped phrases is anything but real mastery over language. It is rather slavery to language. The willingness to use words as such a man uses them is evidence of a profound ignorance of the value of words. The gift of the gab I admire like any other

charlatanism—for its power to impose on some of the people some of the time. The temptations to which I refer here are those of a man who really knows how to awaken the latent power in words.

For what is a word? A word is a cell stored with the power of innumerable dead personalities. And one who knows how to awaken this power is in real peril of being subdued by it. Instead of saying what he had the intention to say, instead of keeping true to his initial impulse, he is saying something else, reviving in quaint combination many fragments of the thoughts of others. Instead of giving an incarnation of himself in words, he is conjuring up the ghosts of many dead personalities. The effect may be seductive, but it is not, I think, true style. Such effects are to be found, I believe, in Pater, in Rossetti, and in far greater degree in the French and other writers of the decadent school. Indulgence in this sort of luxurious dallying with words is a sure sign of decay, and is to be met with in all literatures during the period of their decline.

Now that I am done with my four propositions, it may seem reasonable that I should bring the matter to a focus by giving a definition of style. Well, I have a dread of definitions. In matters of art it has always seemed to me that the peace found in a definition by the stickler for scientific exactness is a peace of desolation. Nevertheless I may offer this one by Walter Raleigh: "Style is the intrusion of the artist's personality on lifeless matter and impersonal truth." By intrusion he means making itself felt, and the word does not imply making itself felt in an uncalled for way; that would be obtrusion. The definition is not accurate, but it is suggestive and it is presentable.

By way of corollary, I may name two dangers that we of the present time are particularly exposed to—the danger of a too great fastidiousness and the danger of a meretricious attempt at effect. The first is the bane of the scholar, the second of the journalist. What has been very aptly called the "blight of fastidiousness" is less of a danger in America than in England and the older countries, where the scholarly study of



the minuter effects of words is more of a cult. The great type of this class is, of course, the French writer, Gustave Flaubert, but there are a good many young men who profess themselves his disciples. These men can never finish anything, because they are in constant dread that it will not be perfect. They correspond to those people of morbid morality who are afraid to do anything for fear that they will act with wrong motives. Mr. Huneker has a story of a man of this type. He, like his model Flaubert, was a martyr to style. He was supposed by his friends to be composing a work of flawless style, and when he died, they searched eagerly among his papers. They found a bulky manuscript entitled "The Corridor of Time, a novel." "On the first page was written, 'And the insistent clamor of her name at my heart is as the sonorous roll of the sea on a savage shore.' That was all. The other pages were virginal of ink." His cult of style had paralyzed him completely.

The second danger, the meretricious attempt at effect, is the peculiar danger of smart American journalism. In many parts of America, the galvanized style is much in vogue. The jaded public must be stimulated, and the writer seeks to do it by charging his words with a fictitious life. There are, of course, various degrees of this damning sin, but one of the best places to find it characteristically illustrated is in the dramatic criticisms of the New York papers. Here, for instance, is a paragraph from the *Sun*:

"Of late years, in the springtime, the Norwegian dramatist has become the victim of the debutante's unholy longings. It was not springlike in the open air yesterday; nevertheless, the one unfailing vernal harbinger was at hand: a new Nora Helmer who could not act the rôle."

In order to find a still lower depth I bought a copy of the *New York Journal*, and turning to the dramatic column found what I was looking for. Here is an extract from an account of a suburban performance of "Parsifal." At first glance it will certainly seem a parody. But if one has a little familiarity with this class of journalistic writing, he will know that it is meant to be "smart" writing:

"Down went the lights. A chirrup oozed from the ladies.

Black was the theatre : eager was the orchestra, and out pealed gallons of the Wagnerian music. As Payton's 'Parsifal' was merely a 'drama' and not an opera, there was music galore 'ahead of the show,' just to create atmosphere. For a quarter of an hour the orchestra worked hard. A blond youth with a Flatbush avenue face worked it. The audience sat silent, but depressed. Then curtains of rich black velours were parted, and you saw 'a forest near a lake.' It might have been any old forest, near any old lake. It might even have been the road to Hunter's Point and Erie Basin."

Let that speak for the end to which the galvanized style of smart journalism leads.

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## THE LETTERS OF GOETHE'S MOTHER

The art of writing letters is doubtless falling rapidly into neglect, if, indeed, it is not already a lost art. The scraps of news and small gossip by means of which we keep our friends informed of our whereabouts, provided we do not conveniently substitute a picture post-card, are certainly not worthy of the name of letters. For we have not time to write memoirs, as was the fashion a century ago, to chronicle moods and impressions in a form calculated to engage the sympathetic interest of our correspondents. Modern facilities for travel and modern means of electro-verbal communication, but perhaps most of all, the modern newspaper, have sounded the death-knell of the letter as a vehicle of self-expression.

Nowhere, perhaps, has a charming personality revealed itself more fully and lovably than in the letters of Goethe's mother, Frau Rat. Sparkling with an irrepressible good-humor and wit; heavy, sometimes, with a burden of tenderest human sympathy; reverent in their absolute faith in a wise and loving God, and always pervaded by an unquenchable optimism; these letters, despite their faltering and uncertain orthography, are in the best sense of the word works of art. And only when one has read the four hundred or more letters from her pen that have been preserved and published, can one adequately appreciate her influence, both by way of heredity and training, upon the character and the habits of mind of her illustrious son.

She was a mere slip of a girl seventeen years old when she was married to Johann Kaspar Goethe, a man twenty-one years her senior. He was a broadly educated and cultivated jurist, already the proud possessor of the title of "Rat," who had inherited a sufficient fortune to enable him to live as a retired gentleman. Thus he had the necessary leisure to superintend most intimately the education of his children; and we have the earnest assurance in Goethe's reminiscences that the father did not neglect his self-appointed task. While his nature was not without lovable traits, his manner was stern and severe, and it was fortunate for young Wolfgang and his sister Cornelia that

the natural buoyancy and cheerfulness of their "Mütterchen," who was in fact more nearly of an age with her children than with her husband, kept their childhood and youth sunny and sweet in a house which must otherwise have been pervaded with the gloom of an all-too-severe discipline. Nevertheless, to represent Goethe's father simply as a pedantic domestic tyrant, as so many biographers have done, is exceedingly unjust and inaccurate.

It is noteworthy, but not strange, that Goethe nowhere raised a literary monument to his mother. Not that he fails to invest more than one creation of his poet's fancy with many of her charms and virtues; but he never made her the subject of a single lyric, nor even gave us a description of her in *Dichtung und Wahrheit*. The few pages of his own with which he prefaces Bettina's letters in the brief fragment *Aristeia der Mutter* seem almost perfunctory in their dispassionate reflectiveness and surely cannot be taken to represent his habitual mode of thought or feeling concerning his mother. Indeed, her memory is to the poet the Holy of Holies which in filial reverence he feared to enter. Doubtless the same feeling possessed Goethe as that which inspired Mörike's lines:

Lo! not one of my songs proclaims thy praises, oh mother,  
For to extol thee, in truth, I am both too rich and too poor.  
Thou, a Song yet unsung, in my heart art closely enfolded,  
Silent to all without, but to me giving sweet consolation,  
When the heart wearily turns from the world, and in solitude ponders  
All the blessings of peace that Heaven to me hath vouchsafed.

Practically no letters bearing an earlier date than 1775 have been preserved, and probably few were written. With the removal of her "Hätschelhans"—for so she loved to call him—to Weimar in 1775 and the loss of her only daughter Cornelia in 1777, the most serenely happy period of her life came to an end. The next five years were years of self-sacrificing devotion to her invalid and rapidly aging husband, who was in body and mind fast approaching his dissolution. "It is well with him," she writes to her friend the Dowager Duchess Anna Amalia, under date of June 11th, 1782, a few weeks after his decease, "it is well with him, and I would pray God to spare even my worst enemy such a life as he has had these last two years."

She now removed from the great house in the narrow "Hirschgraben" and took an apartment from the windows of which she could watch the busy life of the city. Here she spent the remaining twenty-six years of her life in quiet serenity and happiness, surrounded by a host of devoted friends. Her delight in the theater amounted almost to a passion, and she developed an altogether remarkable critical acumen in regard to matters literary and dramatic. With fullest appreciation and sympathy she followed the career of her brilliant son in Weimar, always as intensely concerned about his physical welfare as she was interested in his literary enterprises and immensely proud of his successes. His occasional visits to Frankfort—1793, 1797—were the red-letter days of her declining years. Happily free from illness or care during all this time, she remained to the last her same cheerful self; and when she was overtaken at the age of seventy-eight by her last illness, she proceeded with the utmost composure to give minute instructions for her burial. She even insisted that there should be plenty of raisins in the cake that was to be served to the mourners, for she had always abhorred stingy cakes, she said, and wanted none at her funeral.

In quoting from the letters of Frau Rat the translator never ceases to regret that no impression can be given of her quaintly picturesque orthography. "It was all the fault of my teacher," she jestingly explains. She could spell with tolerable correctness if she set her mind upon it, but when she was in a hurry or allowed her thoughts to ramble along, her orthography, too, follows its own delightful kaleidoscopic way. It is a very short and common word indeed for which she has not the most amazing variety of spellings. But these variations are not without some significance; to a certain extent they seem to reflect the particular mood or frame of mind in which she happened to be. Thus her use of capitals is often very expressive,—as for instance when in addition to the substantives she capitalizes an adjective: "Many Thanks for your Dear Letter. . . . I can write no more with this Wretched Pen, save that I remain your faithful Mother Goethe." In the main she spells phonetically, though not consistently so, and in consequence much of her Frankfort dialect is transferred to and visualized upon the printed



page. *Thier* becomes *Thir*, *Wien* becomes *Winn*; *Schiff*, however, is spelled *Schief*; *Subjekte* she changes to *Supjette*, while *Lotterie* is rendered comically grotesque in the form *Looteri*. Her single apology for her faulty spelling is appended as a postscript to one of her letters to Christiane: "Dasz das Bustawiren [Buchstabieren] und gerade Schreiben nicht zu meinen sonstigen Talenten gehört—müszet Ihr verzeihen—der Fehler lage am Schulmeister." (You must pardon the circumstance that spelling and writing evenly do not belong to my accomplishments,—the trouble was with the schoolmaster.)

The brief series of extracts from the letters of Frau Rat may fittingly begin with one or two from her letters to children, for these show at once her rare faculty for entering sympathetically into all their joys and sorrows. When Goethe arrived at Weimar, Fritz von Stein, the favorite son of Charlotte von Stein, was two years of age. Goethe at once became deeply attached to the boy, superintended his instruction, and in 1783 actually took him to live with him at his own house. Her letters give ample evidence that Goethe's mother shared this affection for Wolfgang's little friend. She wrote to him frequently, sent him no end of gifts and remembrances, and in 1785 arranged to have him come to Frankfort on a visit.

In September of the previous year, when she had not yet seen him, she writes: "My dear Son,—I thank you most heartily for your description of your dear self, in whom I am so much interested; and above all I am glad to see that you know your good points as well as your faults. Bravo, my son! that's the only way to become noble, great and useful to humanity; a man who doesn't know or care to know his faults becomes intolerant and intolerable, vain and pretentious,—no one likes him, even though he were the greatest genius; I've seen many instances of it. But the good that is in us we should be aware of too, that's just as necessary, just as useful. A man who doesn't know his worth or his powers and therefore has no faith in himself, is a simpleton who never gains a firm footing but depends forever on leading-strings and remains in *seculum seculorum* a child. Continue in this good way, my son, and your dear parents will have reason to bless the day of your birth. It is a

sincere evidence of your love and friendship that you desire an exact description of my person, so I am sending you herewith two silhouettes,—to be sure, in one of them the nose is rather too prominent and the other makes me look younger than I am, although on the whole it is very like me. I am fairly tall and rather stoutish, have brown eyes and hair, and fancy I might impersonate the mother of Prince Hamlet not so badly. Many persons assert that no one could fail to recognize Goethe as my son. I can't quite see that, although there must be something in it, since so many people have made the statement. Orderliness and repose are the chief traits of my character, consequently I do everything right at once, off-hand, beginning always with the least agreeable; and following the wise counsel of our friend Wieland, I swallow the devil right down, without looking him over. Afterwards, when the ruffles and wrinkles are all smoothed out again, I defy anyone to surpass me in good-humor. Now, my dear son, you must come and see all this for yourself and I'll do my very best to give you a good time." That he had the promised good time when he came the following year, her letter of October 20th, 1785, witnessed: "My dear Cherubim! I was delighted to hear of your return home and to receive your detailed account of the journey. But above all it rejoiced my heart to know that my dear Fritz holds me in pleasant remembrance." She recounts in detail their usual daily programme, how they breakfasted, submitted to the ministrations of hairdressers, then decked themselves out in their best finery for dinner, how he would then go to the fair for the afternoon and meet her again at the theater in the evening, from which he would escort her home, where the day's frolic would regularly be brought to a close with a "duodrama" in the vestibule, one of the maids, "the fat Elizabeth managing the lights" while the other two, Greineld and Marie, represented the audience,—all this with a spontaneity and delight which assure us that she had just as good a time as did her young cavalier. In the same letter she indulges her love for parody in a clever little imitation of the long-winded titles given to some of the popular works of fiction of the time. "Herewith I am sending you a true and authentic Description, vouched for and undersigned by Starred and

gartered Gentlemen, of the Balloon, which, after having first Exploded, finally did ascend amid Music and Jubilation, to the great Delight of all Christendom; most Diverting to read and edifying to Contemplate." In December of the same year she writes: "Dear Son,—How good of you that you still think of me! Nor have I and my friends forgotten you, indeed we shall never forget you. We have three public concerts a week this winter, but I am not attending them, at least I have not taken a subscription. The principal one, which is given on Friday, is too stiff and formal to suit me, Monday's concert is too poor, and that on Wednesday bores me to death, a diversion which I can enjoy much more comfortably in my own room. Everything in my little household is just as it was when you saw it; but since old Sol is pleased to lie abed somewhat longer at this time of year, I also am pleased to conform to his habits and rarely emerge from the feathers before half-past eight. Nor do I see why I should impose any hardship upon myself,—rest is my delight, and since God has given me this blessing I gratefully enjoy it."

Some of Frau Rat's most charming letters to children were written to her little granddaughter, Louise Schlosser. April 27th, 1784: "I was delighted with your letter. What a splendid little fellow Edward must be! But won't it be fun when he is able to run about in the garden with you and your two sisters. Of course you'll have to take good care and not let him fall on his nose!" She is never happier than when she is able in some practical way to instil in the minds of children her own gospel of the beauty of sweetness and light. "I am sending you here-with the embroideries you wanted," she writes to Louise, September 14th, 1786, "and hope the materials will prove to your liking. Your sisters will be very happy to see how much you love them and desire to give them pleasure. If at any time you wish to make some little gift on the sly, in order to gladden the heart of someone, you need only write to me and I will gladly send you everything you require for it." It goes without saying that no Christmas or birthdays were allowed to pass without a special remembrance for each one; but neither did she forget to impress upon the minds of the children the sig-

nificance of giving and receiving gifts. To illustrate this, her letter of January 13th, 1785, may be translated in full: "My dear Grandchildren!—I am so glad that my Christmas gift gave you so much pleasure,—but I had heard all through the year from your dear mother what good, clever girls you had been. Continue so,—indeed, as you grow bigger try to become even more so. Obey your dear parents, who, you may be sure, have your welfare earnestly at heart. And how beautiful it is, when in return for all the trouble of your bringing up, your parents, your grandmother and all your other friends have reason to delight in you. I am looking forward to the arrival of that work-bag. I shall always take it along when I go visiting, and shall tell about the cleverness and industry of my Louise! Now you must teach your brother Edward to walk, so that when Spring comes he may be able to run about in the garden with you,—won't that be fun! If I were only with you, I would teach you all sorts of games, bird-market, potz schimper potz schemper, and many others. They are great fun for children, and you know how your grandmother loves to be merry and to make others merry. Well, if God will keep you all in health and happiness throughout this year, it will rejoice the heart of Your faithfully devoted Grandmother Goethe." She firmly believes in the words of Brother Martin in *Götz*, and quotes them in a letter to Fritz von Stein: "Cheerfulness is the mother of all virtues, says Götz von Berlichingen, and truly he is right. When one is happy and contented oneself, one wishes to see all men similarly happy and cheerful, and does one's best to make them so."

But she emphatically disclaims any ability to train children. When twelve years later a baby is born to Louise, Frau Rat's letter of felicitation begins with the words of Rinkart's grand old hymn of praise:

"Nun danket all Gott, mit Herzen, Mund und Händen,  
Der grosse Dinge tut."

"Verily," she continues, "He has again manifested Himself as the One whose mercy endureth forever, bless His holy Name, amen!—The child will increase in stature, wisdom and favor with God and man. But your great-grand-

mother can't contribute in the least to this good end,—the distance is too great. And you may well be glad of it, dear John George Edward, for your great-grandmother can't bring up children, indeed she has not the slightest aptitude for it; she humors them in everything when they laugh and are pleasant, and trounces them when they cry or pout, without ever asking why they are crying or laughing. But I will love you and delight in you and remember you often before God—this I can and most certainly will do." We may assume, however, that her methods were more rational than she claims, for they seem to have been altogether successful. In a letter of the year 1798 to her grandson August von Goethe she says: "I know what it means to have joy of one's children. Your dear father never, *never* caused me annoyance or grief, wherefore God has blessed him, has caused him to rise above many others and has given him great fame." Her whole theory and practice of pedagogy seems to have been summed up in the words of Lessing's Klosterbruder: "Kinder brauchen Liebe," and that she gave to them from the fullness of her heart.

In a letter to Frau von Stein, November, 1785, Goethe's mother has given us an excellent characterization of herself: "I love my fellow-beings dearly, and that, I know, is appreciated by young and old alike; I live my life in the most unpretentious way, which also pleases all the sons and daughters of Eve. Nor do I set myself up as anyone's moral critic, but rather seek to discover the good side of people, leaving the bad to Him who created us and who best knows how to smooth off the rough corners; and I find that this mode of life keeps me hale, happy and contented." Characteristic of her imperturbable serenity is a letter to her friend, Dr. Zimmermann, who had been the physician of her daughter Cornelia in Emmendingen. The doctor's own ailment to which she refers was hypochondria, which was so repugnant to her that she avers she could not bring herself to write the word: "February 16th, 1776. My dear Doctor!—Your kind letter gave me much pleasure in part. But—what I wrote you in jest seems to be not entirely without foundation: you are not well. Believe me, I am seriously alarmed about you. Good Heavens! how comes such an excellent, clever,



delightful, splendid, dear, good man by this confounded [she writes *Verdamt*, with a capital] illness? Why should it afflict just the most useful men? I know a lot of rascals who ought to be sick, for they are not of the slightest use to the world, whether they are asleep or awake. Dear friend! will you take the advice of a woman who, it is true, does not know the first thing about the science of medicine, but who has had the opportunity of close association with many people who were similarly afflicted. I have always found that a change of surroundings was the most effective cure. It is not necessary to travel a hundred miles, but you must get out of your four walls, into the open air, out into the country, among people you like. Then hurl all his black and gloomy thoughts right back at the devil,—this was Doctor Luther's proven remedy which he recommended to his friend. Now do not disdain, I beg of you, to follow the advice of a woman; it will not compromise your great learning in the least, for did not an ass once give wise counsel to a prophet!"

It would seem that scarcely a single letter came from her pen that does not strike a note of fullest trust in God as the guide of her and her children's destinies; and whether the occasion be one of rejoicing or of sorrow, she accepts both as loving visitations of Providence. The Bible is her stronghold. On the marriage of her granddaughter in 1794 Frau Rat writes: "My dear Louise! Now do you *see* how God rewards good children even in this life! For is not your marriage an almost miraculous dispensation of Providence; and to think that it has been so ordered that your dear parents and brothers and sisters are to go with you! That would not have been so easy if the war had not been carried into our country. And so I would have you remember this as long as you live: the God who is able of these stones to raise up children to Abraham can turn to our good the very things which with our purblind eyes we regard as misfortunes." But again, when the grief-stricken parents mourn the death of their only daughter, Frau Rat writes to her friend Lavater: "He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might He increaseth strength. New, living, present witnesses are we, now that our Cornelia, our only daughter, is in

her grave; and indeed wholly unexpectedly, like a bolt from the blue. My heart was as if crushed; but the thought, 'shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?' sustained me, so that I did not sink under my grief. Without a belief, firm as a rock, in God—the God who numbers the hairs of our heads, without whom no sparrow falls, who neither slumbers nor sleeps, who is not gone on a journey, who knows the thought of my heart even before it is formed, who hears me without my having need to cut myself with knives and lancets; who in a word is Love—without faith in Him it would have been impossible to bear such a thing. To be sure, human nature asserts itself; Paul says—No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous; but it is one thing to grieve, and another to be discontented with God's leading and to be as those who have no hope. But we who know that beyond the grave dwells immortality, and that our life, which is but as a span, may also soon be at an end—truly it becomes us to kiss the hand that chastens us and say, though with a thousand tears: 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

The last decade of the eighteenth century and the first of the nineteenth were troubled years for the cities on the western border of Germany. Lack of space will not permit my giving even a brief connected survey of the history of that period, although such a setting is almost indispensable for an adequate appreciation of her vivid epistolary accounts of the happenings of those terrible times. Long sieges, fierce bombardments,—in that of the 13th and 14th of July, 1796, over 150 houses in Frankfort were destroyed by fire—large contributions of war, of which Frau Rat had to bear her considerable share, and almost constant quarterings of soldiers in her house,—these were some of the afflictions that tested the mettle of the good woman. But she was proud of the conduct of her fair city of Frankfort, of the courage and loyalty of its citizens, at a time when half the population of the Rhine provinces was fleeing in craven terror; and above all, to quote her own words—"Faith in God! that is what makes my heart glad and my countenance cheerful. I rejoice in life while yet its lamp doth glow, I seek

no thorns, but rather snatch its little pleasures in passing; when I come to lowly doors, I stoop and pass under. If I can lift the stone from my path, I do so; if it is too heavy, I go around it,—and so I find in each day a modicum of happiness.” Her account of the bombardment of July, 1796, is here given in full: “My dear Son,—Doubtless the newspapers have informed you concerning the present situation of affairs in your native city, but since it is altogether certain that they have not published Frau Aja’s [her own] diary, and I know that you are much concerned to know how I survived this experience, I will write you a little account of it. I was not the least afraid of the Frenchmen and their entry into the city; I was certain they would do no plundering, so why should I pack my things? I left them as they were, and was quite unconcerned. As a matter of fact, no one believed for a moment that the imperial troops would make a stand here, and their doing so was sheer folly, as the consequences clearly showed. But having decided upon this course, things began to be serious. In times of peace the house in which I live is one of the pleasantest in the city, but so much more terrible in days such as these just now past. The imperial commandant lived in the house opposite, and now I could see the entire spectacle, the Frenchmen with blindfolded eyes, our burgomaster,—everybody in mortal fear of what was to transpire. Toward the evening of the 12th the bombardment began. We all sat in the lower room of our landlord, and when the firing slackened somewhat, I went to bed. Toward two in the morning it began again, so up we jumped out of our beds, and now I began to pack in earnest, not for fear of the Frenchmen, but of fire. In a few hours we had everything in the cellar, all excepting the iron chest, which was too heavy for us, so I sent for Major Schuler’s orderly and another strong man, who succeeded in getting it into the cellar. Up to that moment I had been quite calm, but now such terrifying reports began to come in—how this man or that (all of them people whom I knew) had been slain by the howitzers, or had had an arm or a leg shot off, that I began to be afraid, and decided to go away. Not far, of course, only to escape the bombardment; but no conveyance was to be had at any price. At last I heard that a family living near us was going to Offen-

bach, so I asked them to take me along, to which they very politely consented. I'm not one of your timid souls, but this night of terror which I spent in peace and quite with Mamma la Roche in Offenbach, might have cost me my life, or at least have injured my health if I had remained in Frankfort. Throughout the 12th, 13th, and 14th I remained in my city of refuge; then on the morning of the 15th came the news that the capitulation of the city had been concluded, and that there was no danger to life and limb to be feared, but that one should return at once, as the French would occupy the city on the 16th, when the gates would be closed. Under these circumstances I would not have remained in Offenbach under any considerations, because, for one thing, I might have been considered a fugitive [*emigriert*] and secondly because my beautiful rooms, now entirely vacant (I had taken my maids with me), might have been taken from me. But now Holland was again in distress! No carriage was to be found,—until our old friend Hans Andre took pity on me and gave me his neat little coach, and soon I was back again in my house 'At the Golden Fountain,' thanking God with all my heart for the preservation of my life and dwelling. Naturally, the prospect of a greater misfortune obscures the lesser: as soon as the cannonading ceased it seemed like heaven, and we regarded the Frenchmen as the rescuers of our possessions and the protectors of our homes, for if they had been so inclined they could have razed every house. But, instead, they hitched their horses to the pumps to help in quenching the conflagration. Grant us peace, oh God! Amen!—Farewell! Greet your household and ever love Your faithful mother Goethe."

Frau Rat was intensely German and intensely patriotic. But the source of her patriotic enthusiasm lay in her pride in Frankfort as a free imperial city.

If she could have seen the integrity of the empire preserved and the position of Frankfort as a "freie Reichsstadt" maintained, little would she have cared as to who occupied the left or the right bank of the Rhine. But when in 1806 the wasted form of the ancient empire was finally interred, she says; "I feel as though I had a friend who is very ill. The doctors have

given him up, and we are assured that he must die. But in spite of all this certainty, it is a shock to us when the news comes that he is dead. So it is with me, and with the whole city. Yesterday for the first time the Emperor and Empire were omitted from the prayers at church; illuminations, fireworks and all that, but not a sign of joy; these things all seem like funeral processions to us!" Why not? Had she not witnessed the pomp and splendor of five imperial coronations in her beloved Frankfort? And yet, how ready she is to make the best of things! "Perhaps things will be better than we expect," she writes, "let us try the new coat on, perhaps it will not fit so badly, and let us make an end of lamentations."

But the great joyous fact of her life was her Wolfgang. Everything that concerned him in the least degree, physically, mentally, or spiritually, was to her a matter of the most vital importance. How she rejoices with him when she hears from him of his arrival in Rome, 1786, and how clearly she divines the significance of his journey. "Dear Son!—An apparition from the lower world could not have astonished me more than did your letter from Rome. I wanted to shout for joy that the wish which you have cherished in your heart from your earliest youth has now been fulfilled. Such a journey cannot fail to make a man like you happy and contented for all the rest of his life, a man of your knowledge and your fine appreciation of all that is good and beautiful; nor will you alone enjoy its benefits, but all those as well who have the good fortune to come within your sphere of activity." His works become her constant companions as soon as he places them in her hands. Performances of *Götz* are her special delight. "The eighth of May (1786) was a happy day for me as well as for Goethe's friends, for *Götz von Berlichingen* was performed. The appearance of Brother Martin—*Götz* before the councillors of Heilbronn—the bullet-moulding—the battle with the imperial troops and the death-scene of Weisslingen and of *Götz* were tremendously effective. The question, 'Whence come you, learned sir?' and the answer, 'From Frankfort on the Main,' called forth such jubilation and applause that it was a delight to hear." When his *Wilhelm Meister* arrives, she can scarcely find words to



express her gratitude and her joy: "Thank you a thousand times for your *Wilhelm*! And what a treat it was for me! I felt thirty years younger—and could see you and the other boys making your preparations for your puppet theatricals. If I could only express my sentiments adequately, you would be happy indeed to know what a day of delight you have given your mother." And again, on receipt of a handsome copy of *Hermann and Dorothea* which Christiane sent her, she writes: "Dear Son!—Kindly express to my dear daughter my heartiest thanks for the splendid copy of *Hermann and Dorothea*. The work deserves such a beautiful garb, for it is an incomparable masterpiece. I am carrying it around like a cat her kittens; next Sunday I shall take it over to Stock's,—I can just imagine how they will crow with delight!"

Nowhere, not even in her letters to Goethe, is the spontaneity of her thought and expression more clearly shown than in her correspondence with the patroness of her son, her own dear friend the Duchess Anna Amalia. Once the somewhat more formal introductory phrases are out of the way, the tone of her letter is invested with a cordiality that is nothing short of contagious. They have the most wonderful diversity of things to talk about. Frau Rat sends musicians to Weimar with letters of introduction to the Duchess, and the latter in turn commissions her to do some shopping for her in Frankfort. She seems to be particularly interested in hearing about the annual fair in that commercial center. One of Frau Rat's letters of the year 1781, in which she reviews the theatrical season in her city, concludes as follows: "This letter is a veritable quodlibet, and for that the confounded fair is to blame. Frankfort is all in a whirl over it, until it fairly makes one's head spin. Among the many distinguished visitors is also the famous Duchess of Kingston; I'm sure she must weigh at least three hundred pounds. To-day Agamemnon, Clytemnestra, and Heaven only knows who else, are to be murdered—decently and in order, you know, according to programme. I imagine it will be real jolly, so I intend to go." . . . "Your Highness is so gracious as to enquire what I am doing?" she writes in another letter of about the same time, "Well, by Jupiter! as little as I can, and

that little as badly as possible. But how could it be otherwise? Alone, and left to my own devices,—when the springs are diverted or clogged, the deepest well must run dry. To be sure, I am constantly trying to dig fresh ones, but they either have no water or they are muddy, and either case is bad enough, you will admit. Now I might continue this noble allegory *ad infinitum*. I might tell you, for instance, that in order not to die of thirst I am just now taking mineral water, which ordinarily is only for invalids, etc. Indeed, many fine things might be brought in here, but wit,—well, wit always strikes me as being like a draught of air: it cools you, no doubt, but it is very apt to give you a stiff neck. So then, all jesting aside, every pleasure that I now wish to enjoy I have to seek among strangers, outside of my own house, for here it is as quiet and deserted as a graveyard. Formerly, it was altogether different;—but who would fret because it is not always full moon and because the sun does not warm us as kindly now as in July! Only by using well the present and never thinking that it might be otherwise, does one succeed best in getting through the world; and the getting through is after all the chief thing."

Many years after the death of Goethe's mother, Zelter having asked to see one of her letters, Goethe sent him one and accompanied it with these words: "Herewith I enclose one of my mother's letters, in accordance with your wish. In it, as in every line she wrote, there is expressed the character of a woman who lived a strong and hearty life in the Old Testament fear of the Lord and full of trust in the unchangeable God of the family and of the nation."

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## THE ART OF ALL ARTS

A gentleman residing in a suburb had as a member of his family a feline creature which, although of blue blood and certified pedigree, had all the propensity of his race for staying abroad at night. One spring midnight, after exhausting vocal blandishments, the master of the house hit upon a plan of beating the devil's tattoo with a table-knife on a china plate, out on the veranda, as if preparing a banquet against the wanderer's return. The ruse was brilliantly successful, albeit, under a neighboring street lamp, the upturned faces of a party of friends, returning from the theatre, expressed the final stage of petrefaction of Lot's wife. There be those who thus grossly cajole fellow human beings — ladling the crude oil of flattery to victims that bolt it as the Esquimax do blubber — and dare to call it 'tact.'

In the introductory chapter of *Words and Their Uses*, Richard Grant White, taking as a text Oliver Cromwell's refusal to assume the title of King because of the associative qualities of the word, shows that "words have, like men, a history and alliances, and rights of birth and inherent powers, . . . which they can transmit . . . to their rightful successors." He might have adverted to the morals and the manners of words, and it may be said of 'tact' that, although morally it is neutral, it is inevitably associative with delicacy, grace, amenity. To this, of course, not the dictionaries but universal consciousness must bear witness. 'Tact' is unmoral, just as 'advocacy' is, without being latently immoral. Certain kindred words, such as 'diplomacy' or 'adroitness,' are sinisterly suggestive. All of these terms may imply the propitiation or the influencing of a person through his self-love and without entire frankness. The process may properly be called tactful, however, only if it neither violates good taste nor calls for sacrifice of self-respect.

Tact has its negative, as well as its positive sphere, of which, in the world of modern government, our English cousins are the most conspicuous exemplars. That a broad spirit of toleration in matters non-essential is indispensable for modern imperial-

ism is as clear as that a similar attitude made Roman imperialism possible. But it was easier for the Romans, bred in an elastic, live-and-let-live polytheism, to recognize other people's gods, than for England, with her self-centered religion claiming exclusive inspiration, to refrain from proselytism by moral coercion and covert force. English toleration of paganism abroad and of dissent at home stands for tact fundamental.

While toleration of prejudice generally, of course, is not a peculiarly English trait, no better illustration of it has been offered than by the career of a great Englishman. In his affectionate but discriminating tribute to John Stuart Mill, Mr. John Morley has remarked: "He [Mill] had measured the prejudices of men, and his desire to arouse this obstructive force in the least degree compatible with effective advocacy of any improvement, set the single limit to his intrepidity. Prejudices were to him like physical pre-disposition with which you have to make your account. He knew, too, that they are often bound up with the most valuable elements in character and life, and hence he feared that violent surgery which in eradicating a false opinion fatally bruises at the same time a true and wholesome feeling that may cling to it. . . . He was unrivalled in the difficult art of conciliating as much support as was possible and alienating as little sympathy as possible for novel and extremely unpopular opinions." Many men, in America as well as in England, who were getting their mental eyes open during the latter half of the nineteenth century and found in John Stuart Mill a helpful guide to a livable philosophy, can now, looking backward, realize with Mr. Morley that a very material factor of Mill's influence was his exquisite tact.

Perhaps the most important sphere of negative tact in a democratic republic lies in the apparent ignoring of class distinctions, while actually taking them for granted. In communities where castes are definitely recognized, reciprocal appreciation across class lines finds free expression. An English nobleman may naturally be on terms of affectionate familiarity with his butler, the son of his father's butler. Where theoretical equality exists, there is the tendency, on the one hand, to force actual equality and, on the other, to resent and resist it;

and living constantly on the socially defensive breeds an inhumane spirit of snobbishness.

Bishop Warburton spoke with wisdom and moderation when he said that "high birth was a thing which he never knew any one to disparage, except those who had it not; and he never knew any one to make a boast of it who had anything else to be proud of." Although in a republic, classes are constantly changing in personnel by accession of individuals of talent and by dropping out of degenerates, it would be sentimental fatuity to ignore the persisting entity of class itself. Indeed, government in America consists to a considerable extent in the just treatment and reciprocal coöperation of classes as classes.

The tactful man, however, appears unconscious of class distinctions. Mutually self-respectful humanity may meet on common ground of mutual justice and helpfulness. The heir of several generations of opportunity will find a perfect harmonic in the heart of the grimy toiler in the mines, if only both parties keep to the eternal verities. In the intercourse of the classes there is no falser note than the affectation of absolute equality, and few men are so vulgar as not to resent another's vulgar feint of de-classing himself. The episode is yet remembered in New York of a candidate for office — himself a man of education and social prominence — who, before beginning a speech in a hall on the Bowery, removed his coat. His audience, with sound instinct, took his theoretical equality of shirt sleeves only as an insult to their intelligence. No American has ever possessed to a greater degree the quality of tact under discussion than Theodore Roosevelt. Never disloyal to his own class, he touches the common humanity of all classes.

The positive exercise of tact may be summarized as the moulding of men's actions through appeals to their legitimate egoism, pride, and self-interest. A century and more ago English-speaking communities had on their statute books a score of capital offences, and the ordinary garniture of an English cross-roads was a thief or a forger rotting on a gibbet. We have changed all that. Capital punishment is almost abolished; the whole policy of vengeance has been discarded for that of evoking whatever of normal aspiration the criminal mind contains. Tact is but a



still more extended and refined exercise of the same method. We may manage the upper world, as well as the under, by playing upon the self-love which, to the good of themselves and society, all men have. There is much felicity in the French idiom which elevates self-love to *the* proper love.

On the mental side we are met by a frequently abused dictum of Emerson. It may be, as he says, that "a *foolish* consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds," but one must not take otherwise than as fine-frenzied hyperbole the further remark that "with consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do." The scope of the sage's meaning is later hedged about by the suggestions that "no man can violate his nature; . . . there will be an agreement in whatever variety of actions, so they be honest and natural in their hour." It is indeed true that a man may "as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall as with slavish consistency with mere former appearance." But the substance of one's former deliberate opinions affords the only reliable impulsion in entering untried fields.

"Foolish consistency" is another name for the crass vanity of following to the bitter end what was said in an unguarded or intoxicated moment. Tacitus relates that the ancient Germans had the custom of debating a question of importance at night when they were drunk and again in the morning when they were sober. A similar expedient for *locus pœnitentiæ* might well be employed by highly responsive and emotional temperaments. One ought to be encouraged in saying: "When I spoke before, I was drunk with 'wine which never grew in the belly of the grape'—the wine of eloquence, of impulse or enthusiasm. Now that I have slept off the potion, 'I see the truth another way.'" A material element of tactful mentorship lies in diverting one's ward from self-committal in hot blood.

As the deliberate convictions of the past afford the only basis for healthful and reliable change, one who would influence his fellow man, far from denying the obligation of consistency, will search in the subject's character or philosophy for the point most favorable for the introduction of the new thought. It will be suggested as harmonious with something in which the hearer already believes. If the fresh idea germinates, it is best as far

as possible to let it alone. Honest men, started thinking along the line of some predisposition, will often think themselves out of error, when constant preaching would drive them to search for adverse arguments, to be clinched later by pride of opinion. The tactful man will suppress himself, except as to helpful hints over hard places.

At the conclusion of his memoirs of Napoleon, de Bourrienne relates that Louis XVIII had directed Talleyrand, as President of the Council of Ministers, to present a list of persons for appointment to the Privy Council. The King, having read the list, remarked: "But M. de Talleyrand, I do not see here the names of two of our best friends, Bourrienne and Alexis de Noailles." The veteran marplot replied: "Sire, I thought their nomination would seem more flattering in coming directly from Your Majesty." Accordingly, both names were added in the King's handwriting. Bourrienne suggests that Talleyrand's real reason was to avoid the outside opposition that might be heard against the appointments, but, in addition, no expedient could have been cleverer for crystallizing a vague determination in the King's own mind.

Perhaps it transcends conscientious tact to simulate opposition in order to utilize pride of opinion. If such course ever be legitimate, it is in dealing with persons who temperamentally stand for the "universal negative." There are men who are ever repelled by strong or concerted expression of opinion; men, for example, who avow belief in democratic principles, yet who are habitually irritated and driven into opposition by a preponderating sentiment. As to such persons, a resort to actual disingenuousness may not be improper.

Certainly, in endeavoring to prevail with average dispositions, it is the part of wisdom to draw out conviction, rather than attempt to enforce conviction *vi et armis*. It was rational tact that prompted a leading member of the bar to revise a brief prepared by a junior, by changing many of the propositions from positive to tentative form and even toning down the absolute statements of conclusions, saying that the best of judges are human and no man relished being led absolutely by the nose.

That arch-worldling, Samuel Pepys, under date of February 11th, 1664, wrote:

"Mr. Falconer came and visited my wife and brought her a present — silver state cup and cover, value about three or four £.,— for the courtesy I did him the other day. I am almost sorry for this present, because I would have reserved him for a place to go in Summer a-visiting at Woolwich with my wife."

There may be comparatively few persons who would gossip so naïvely, even with self, through the medium of a cipher diary. The touch of human nature which attaches a contractual element to political favors and even social courtesies, will, however, bring the universal smile of kinship. Our motives for most acts are mixed, and the factor of self-interest is often unconscious. Only a superficial cynicism would sneer at movements for political reform because ardent champions of righteousness usually get the nominations for office, or because of the probability that it was the hope of personal preferment that added energy and zest to their effort. "Honorable ambition" is sublimated selfishness and might be frankly so acknowledged without reproach. If a man be not a mere time-server to his ideals, if he honestly intend to use the power gained through advocating a good cause practically to further it, especially if he will still keep the faith when the time for self-sacrifice comes, the present coincidence of self-interest with public spirit is a source of public congratulation.

And it may often be the part of sincere public spirit, nay, of earnest patriotism, to argue *ad hominem* in order to direct or modify the official conduct of a great man. Lord Salisbury probably never had, certainly need never have had, any moral misgiving over a consummately tactful episode of the Congress of Berlin. Mr. Disraeli was vain of his knowledge of French, albeit his pronunciation was execrable, and was firmly set upon making an important address in behalf of the English delegation in the official language of diplomacy. Lord Salisbury saved his chief from bringing ridicule upon himself and his country by dwelling upon the necessity of impressing the representatives of the powers with the grandeur of English imperialism and, to that end, of having the address given

in the English tongue by the greatest living master of English oratory.

Elementary psychology teaches that "the pleasure of doing a kind act includes the gratification of tender emotion, of the desire of a good name, of the instinct to put forth power." The egoistic element is seldom acknowledged even in self-communion. Constantly, however, self-expression and personal pride transmute abstract interest into definite action. And if sublimated selfishness in striving to identify one's name with a great reform be free from stigma, why may not the same aspiration morally pass muster if the cause be less important or conspicuous? Why should we not respect an apostle to the Philistines who organizes a series of lectures or chamber music recitals, because, along with genuine desire to elevate benighted taste, goes sub-consciousness of social *éclat* incidentally to attach to himself? And why may one not with unabated self-respect touch the *ego* mainspring in another person, frankly, if it be expedient, but, otherwise, with art concealing art?

Undoubtedly we are trenching upon debatable ground. Some years ago the manager of a public lecture for the benefit of a charity invited a cohort of nonentities to serve as Vice-Presidents and, after acceptance, forwarded an official badge with the suggestion that ten dollars would be an appropriate voluntary subscription. One of the newspapers, the morning after the lecture, reported that the stage was filled by two hundred Vice-Presidents, at ten dollars apiece. This incident is on a par with the feline episode narrated at the opening of this paper. Such an appeal to vulgar vanity was not warranted for the sake of extorting money even for charity. The moral complexion may be different where pride, or even vanity, is invoked as an incentive to acts of importance and in themselves creditable to the actor.

If a person may be led to substantial effort or sacrifice for the general weal, it is the function of tact to suggest an immediate motive. The situation no more requires full frankness on the part of the mentor than it presupposes self-analysis by the subject. Broad-minded tact does not sentimentalize human nature. It realizes that a certain amount of self-idealization is

essential to self-respect and to humoring other people's auto-illusions. The tactful man will so deftly strike the personal note that it seems to vibrate only as part of the chord of altruism.

Those who contend that tact is preëminently a feminine gift would, if argued into a corner, probably make a final stand on the assumption of venerable gallantry that women are superior in 'intuition.' The doctrine of evolution teaches the mental solidarity of animate nature—a theory excluding not only women's 'intuition' but animals' 'instinct,' as special endowments. 'Intuition,' as so used, really means a combination of instantaneous observation and rapid reasoning, and, at the risk of apparent ungenerousness, one must claim at least sexual equality as to the process. In mere drawing-room tact—the art of steering clear of shoals of offence and bringing out only the agreeable side—it is believed that the 'sterner' sex is fully capable of holding its own. It is true that women sometimes go to more brilliantly audacious lengths, not only of banter and repartee, but of social coercion, without ruffling the surface urbanity, but this is because they are privileged and know they are. In criminal law Benefit of Sex has succeeded Benefit of Clergy; more than a corresponding inequality prevails before the social law. This, in itself, puts a disproportionate strain upon the tact of the sex that is condemned to take incisive thrusts without wincing, but itself must fence with buttoned foils. An underbred woman may be less obtrusive and awkward than an underbred man, but, thoroughbred for thoroughbred, the male of the human species, is no less felicitous and resourceful in society than the female.

It is probable that in the audience-room of many a Chancellery, where bloodshed and national dismemberment may be threatened, provided only that courtesy be not infringed, qualities of actual address are displayed, beside which a clever woman's *rencontre* with her dearest foe would seem the imaginary conversation of a doll's house. It is doubtful whether the ablest queen of a salon overmatches a great legal advocate cross-examining a hostile witness, in which task 'intuition,' adroit personal management, and self-control unite in drawing-room tact *par excellence*.



Tact as it has been discussed, however, includes much more than social aplomb. It has been viewed as an all-round facility of wisdom springing from cleverness, experience, and culture. Tact is general efficiency in dealing with human nature. To those who would still assert feminine superiority in what Emerson has termed "the art of all arts," it may be suggested that, so far as general capacity has been exhibited in sciences and arts, the male has not taken second place—not even in those ultimate flowers of civilization, the culinary art and the art of dressmaking.

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## THE PRINCETON PRECEPTORIAL SYSTEM

Much interest has been manifested of late in the introduction at Princeton of a new method of undergraduate instruction known as the Preceptorial System. After four years of successful incubation the new venture received last June baptismal endorsement from the first class to enter college after its introduction and has already come to be looked upon as a permanent institution at Princeton. It may accordingly not be inappropriate at the present juncture for one who has had the good fortune to take part in this interesting experiment to attempt a brief sketch of the origin, practical operation, and underlying principles of the new system.

To appreciate fully the occasion of the introduction of the Preceptorial System, momentary reference must be made to the tendency of undergraduate instruction in our larger universities during the past few years. It will, I think, be granted that the problem of numbers has been one of the most vexed questions with which these universities have had to deal. It has become a matter of familiar comment that the growing size of college classes in these institutions no longer permits the close association between student and teacher that used to exist in earlier days when college classes were smaller. Neither in the large classroom recitation nor in the crowded lecture hall has it remained possible to perform the salutary task of holding the individual student to account for daily performances. Infrequent opportunity to recite, on the one hand, and lack of all opportunity to do so, on the other, has too frequently suffered the healthful habit of daily study to sink into innocuous desuetude. Even the final examination — the last disciplinary refuge of our present system — has been largely deprived of its traditional terrors by the extensive vogue of the eleventh-hour syllabus. How to reënlist the jaded interest of the student in the wholesome discipline of daily tasks is the problem which Princeton has undertaken to solve, and the Preceptorial System is her solution.

Plans for a reform upon the lines just indicated had been con-

templated by Woodrow Wilson some years before he became president of Princeton University, and in the summer of 1902 Dean West of this university visited England in order to embody in the new curriculum at Princeton the best features of the tutorial system at Oxford. The new plan of instruction was announced in the Princeton Alumni Weekly for February 25, 1905, formally ratified by the Board of Trustees in June of the same year, and finally put into operation by the appointment of forty-seven preceptors — drawn from the faculties of thirty-six institutions — who entered upon their new duties the following September. The essential features of the new programme may be briefly outlined as follows.

At the outset of the academic year students in all save the scientific departments of the university<sup>1</sup> are distributed among the several preceptors assigned to each of these departments. Each preceptor then divides his men into small sections of not more than three to five members apiece. These men he meets for personal conference either in a college room or, preferably, in the informal surroundings of his own study. To secure continuity of association the preceptor invariably retains the men originally assigned to his charge so long as they continue in his department.<sup>2</sup> The preceptorial conference takes the place of one of the weekly hours formerly devoted to the recitation or lecture. Though regularly employed to supplement courses conducted by means of recitation (as in the more disciplinary subjects, such as the Languages), preceptorial instruction has proved more effective when used to supplement courses conducted by means of lecture (as in the more discursive subjects, such as History, Philosophy, and Literature). As between these two kinds of courses, the duties and opportunities of the preceptor differ to a certain degree. In the former case the somewhat inflexible character of the subject-matter frequently obliges the preceptor to pursue something of the same general

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<sup>1</sup> In the scientific department of the university the existing system of laboratory assistants renders the preceptor unnecessary.

<sup>2</sup> Usually for a period of from two to four years. A preceptor gives instruction only within his own chosen department. Consequently a student has a separate preceptor in each of the departments in which his work lies.

method as the classroom instructor; whereas in the latter, the less formal and restricted nature of the subject-matter permits him to pursue a method of his own. To differentiate accurately between the function of the lecturer and the preceptor is not always possible. Much depends upon the nature of the course. In general, however, the two may be said to cover the same subject-matter, but each in his own way and independently of the other. In the majority of cases the difference in method may perhaps best be defined by saying that the lecturer provides the framework of the course while the preceptor contributes body and substance to the structure. Thus the two methods supplement without overlapping one another. To strengthen his moral hold upon the student the preceptor is forbidden to read examination papers or to report absences. Any disposition to slight preceptorial work is provided against by assigning more weight to the opinion of the preceptor than to the examination in the determination of standing. Moreover, in case of neglect, the preceptor may recommend that a student be debarred from final examination and thus be obliged to take the course over again. At the end of the term the grades of a student and, in certain cases, the nature of the examination questions are determined by a joint conference of lecturer or classroom instructor and preceptors.

But the foregoing provisions constitute only the external machinery by which the Preceptorial System is administered. To gain a realizing sense of the true intent of the system it is necessary to direct attention to certain spiritual principles of which these somewhat mechanical regulations are merely the outward embodiment. A failure to realize these principles has given rise to certain misapprehensions in the minds of many observers of the system which it will be the incidental purpose of the following remarks to correct.

It has, in the first place, often been supposed that the small preceptorial division has been organized solely for the purpose of more constant and rigorous discipline. But if this were the case, our system would differ in no respects from that which prevails in many other colleges in which large classes are similarly subdivided. At Harvard, for example, certain lecture

classes are periodically broken up into small divisions for purposes of quiz and oral cross-examination. With us, on the other hand, the small division exists primarily to provide opportunities for the formation of such personal relationship between teacher and student as shall render discipline unnecessary. Our system, in other words, is based on the old idea that all true teaching is personal and owes its efficacy to the direct impact of mind upon mind. The principle is a simple one and at least as old as Socrates. It finds expression in the traditional relationship between master and disciple, and in varying form has lain at the basis of every period of intellectual advance. It was, for example, the principle employed by Abelard at Paris, Arnold at Rugby, Jowett at Oxford, and Hopkins at Williams. Thus the Princeton system represents a reapplication to present academic conditions in America of a principle that can be traced back to the dawn of our civilization.

In the second place, the Preceptorial System is not, as is often thought, a coaching system. The preceptor is not, like the Oxford tutor, a drill master, primarily intent upon getting his men through the examination. As already stated, the preceptor is expressly forbidden to read examination papers or to report absences. Proceeding upon the principle of Dr. Johnson, that "what a man reads as a task will do him little good," he seeks rather to develop in his men an independent love of learning as an end in itself and without regard to the final examination. As a matter of fact, the experience of the last few years has shown that a man will often read with greater relish a book that is not required by his instructor. Not long ago a student chanced to remark to a club friend that he had been up late the night before over a certain "red" book—known to the world at large as LeRoy's *Philippine Life in Town and Country*—and when informed that the book in question was prescribed in "Politics," exclaimed with an air of profound disgust that had he known that beforehand he would never have read it.

Finally, the Preceptorial System has often been looked upon as a sort of intellectual go-cart, intended to facilitate the acquisition of knowledge with the least possible expenditure of energy on the part of the student. This supposition rests upon



an equally erroneous conception. If, on the one hand, the preceptor is not a drill-master armed with the rod of pedagogic authority, neither is he, on the other, an intellectual wet-nurse appointed to feed predigested pabulum to queasy stomachs. His office is rather to act as mediator between the student and his work. He attempts, in the triple capacity of "guide, philosopher, and friend," to liberate the student's latent abilities, to put him in possession of the dormant capacities of his own mind. He soon learns how to adapt himself to the varying capacities and needs of the different individuals in his group. The dull or indolent man is not encouraged to stray far from the beaten track, but to the bright or ambitious man is given opportunity to make side excursions hither and yon in accordance with his capacity. In this way each man is encouraged to do his share of the common work and to do it thoroughly. And encouragement is all that is needed. An expressed wish or chance suggestion leads every man to do his best, if not from the higher motive of self-satisfaction, at least from the desire to please his preceptor. The advantage both to preceptor and student of this mutual accommodation can hardly be overestimated. It has already drawn students from the street, preceptors from the club, and books from the library.

But perhaps the best idea of the system may be gained by a bit of concrete illustration. The preceptor is often asked by the curious visitor at Princeton: "But just what do you do with your men during the preceptorial hour?" and perhaps an answer to this question will place the whole matter in a clearer light. We will suppose, for example, that the conference is in English and that the four men who normally compose the group are assembled in the study of the preceptor. On entrance they find their instructor surrounded by scholastic tomes brightened, it may be, by the blaze of an open fire, or mellowed by evidences of the humanizing companionship of a pipe. We will suppose that the subject for the hour is English Literature of the Eighteenth Century. Hardly have the customary greetings of the day been exchanged when one of the men will exclaim, "this stuff by Collins is not what I call poetry; it is simply rot." This frank avowal of dislike is vastly preferable to

indifference and at once gives the preceptor his clue. It now becomes the latter's turn to delegate the adjudication of Collins' claims as a poet to other members of the group. Two of the remaining members, we will suppose, concur, in somewhat milder language, with the opinion of Mr. A. The fourth, rather perhaps for the sake of singularity than from conviction, admits that the poet is not so awfully bad after all, and when called upon to support his admission with evidence, will recollect a felicitous phrase or striking audacity of conception which, he is willing to allow, may, in some measure, redeem the poet from the charge of unmitigated barbarity. Seizing upon this chance observation the preceptor will then proceed to build up Collins's claims to respectful consideration. In this way the conference will, in an important sense, be taken out of the preceptor's own hands and proceed upon whatever line may be suggested by the chance observation of one of the group. By thus allowing his men to determine the direction of the discussion of the hour, the preceptor will discover on what side poetry will often make its first appeal to the unbiased mind, and out of it may develop certain important aspects of a poet's work which might otherwise have been overlooked. At least he is meeting the student on his own ground and using the weapons of the men with whom he is dealing. Again we will suppose that an earlier period of English Literature is under examination. A student expresses his disgust at the absurd childishness of Spenser's picture of the "milk-white lamb" of Una. Such a representation seems silly and beneath the notice of a thoughtful man; "it makes a fellow sick to read such drool." Here again the preceptor may meet the issue squarely. Perhaps an essential part of the poet's meaning may be couched in a representation apparently so childish. Perhaps the "milk-white lamb" may here be used to typify the unsullied lustre of Truth and the attribute expressed metaphorically just as Truth herself is figuratively shadowed forth in the person of the damsel Una. With this similitude it will then be possible to compare the "backward-bent knees" of "the wild wood gods" and other allegorical representations by which the poet pictures the power of Truth. By this means a general discussion may be precipitated upon

the relation of Spenser to Plato, the symbolic value of art, and the means whereby the poet embodies abstract ideas in the form of the tangible and concrete. Images the most awful may be summoned from the pages of Milton through association with which "the milk-white lamb" of Una is seen to rise beyond the dwarfing limitations of literal interpretation and assume the broader significance of allegory. Still again, the inanity of *The Waggoner*, *The Idiot Boy*, or other early Wordsworthian ventures may not unjustly provoke the scorn of the undergraduate. He will question your right to set before him such specimens of driveling imbecility. Here again the instinctive feeling of disgust may be converted into a general discussion of the important principle that Homer sometimes nods, and a debate may ensue upon the soundness of the doctrine that a poet should always be judged by his best work. It thus follows that no general rule may be laid down as to the best method of conducting the preceptorial conference. Much depends upon the ingenuity of the preceptor. As a rule, any device that will stimulate independent thinking is of value. Skilfully contrived questions will frequently lead a student to the habit of useful induction. Oftentimes diversity in the method of conducting a conference serves a useful purpose. Sometimes special topics connected with the work in hand are assigned to each man; at others, one man is called upon to defend a certain position, another to attack him; and at others, general discussion occurs in which each man bears a part. Carefully prepared essays dealing with the reading of the course are required periodically. These essays are then corrected by the preceptor and gone over with each student in turn at a special hour appointed for the purpose. Again, the tactics that serve in the case of one man may not serve in the case of another. Mr. A. may be stimulated by the fascination of congenial conference, Mr. B. by a sense of responsibility in the preparation of some set task, Mr. C. by an opportunity to embark upon some fresh scholarly quest. Thus the general object of each conference is to induce each participant to contribute his share to the common work of the group, to make him realize that the success of the hour depends upon his own personal exertions.

Such in brief is what we have been trying to do for our undergraduates during the last five years at Princeton. With what success our labors have been crowned is not, perhaps, a question for one on the inside to answer. Outside testimony may, however, be cited to indicate the general trend of unbiased opinion. Not long ago a Yale professor, who favored us with his presence at a rehearsal of one of the older English plays annually presented by Princeton students, observed one of the cast approach a preceptor with a request for "the makings." Now I understand, he said, what the Preceptorial System has done for Princeton. Under it the barrier that formerly separated the students from the faculty has broken down. Pleasant acquaintances often leading to life-long friendships are formed between student and preceptor. Members of the faculty are frequently entertained at dinner by the students and students by the faculty. A student will frequently drop into his preceptor's room for a talk or take a walk or canoe-trip with him in the neighborhood. Above all, a very substantial beginning has been made towards providing the means by which the student may be permitted to see that his instructor is not altogether devoid of human qualities and the preceptor that his pupil can give him many valuable hints in the art of teaching.

We thus have hopes of reestablishing at Princeton a scholarly confederation in which teachers and taught are alike learners and colleagues the one of the other. Students and teachers are at last coming to realize that their interests are not disjoined but united, and that both are bound on a common intellectual quest. Many features of our academic life at Princeton are admirably fitted to work together with the Preceptorial System towards a grand humanistic consummation. The emphasis increasingly laid on the classics — in respect to which Princeton is unique among American universities, — the prevalence of the group system of electives — whereby the student falls under the direction of a single preceptor in some one of the great branches of humanistic study, — and the secluded life apart from the distracting influences of the city and enriched by the noble architecture that adorns our college campus conspire to revive in Princeton "the quiet and still air of delightful studies."

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## THE ROMANCE OF THE BORROWED WORD

### I.

The phenomena of language have been in the past one hundred years subjected to so searching an investigation at the hands of eminent German, English, and American scholars, and their philosophical, historical, and poetical significance has been so clearly emphasized, particularly in recent years, that the present article can lay slight claim to originality, but is frankly an attempt to set forth in popular form something of the practical significance of philology and at the same time to emphasize its romantic fascination.

Language is one of the great realities, which, though ever present and ever in use, seldom or never engage the thoughtful consideration of the average man. He regards the miracle of speech merely as a wise provision of nature for the expression and communication of thought—a very necessary but wholly mysterious phenomenon, somewhat as his early ancestors conceived earth and air, fire and water, life and death.

And yet, because words are the signs of ideas, the study of the words of a language, the story of their origin and their changes of meaning, will reveal the history of the people who speak that language; nor do I here use the term history in the narrow sense of political history: Etymology penetrates the very core of a nation's past life, and beginning its narrative at a period far antedating recorded history, presents us with a vivid picture of the nation's entire civilization.

I purpose in the present paper to consider certain phenomena connected with the foreign element in English.

No language can be said to be perfectly pure; that is, to be made up of exclusively native elements; for just as no man may wholly live unto himself, so no nation may live in touch with its neighbors and preserve the perfect purity of its speech. The intercourse is bound to result in an interchange of words as well as of ideas. But in the case of some languages, notably English, the influx of foreign material has been of such a character as largely to supplant the native element, and so enormous as to



lead many scholars to call our mother tongue a "composite language." To speak thus is, however, to overstate the case. A language is not classified according to its vocabulary, but by its grammatical structure; and judged by this criterion, English is a perfectly pure Teutonic language. In fact the native element even of our vocabulary is still so various and important that whole sentences and paragraphs may be composed without having recourse to a single foreign word.

Thus passage after passage in the Bible can be cited in which every word is of the native element. Take this verse of Proverbs: "The words of a man's mouth are as deep waters, and the wellspring of wisdom as a flowing brook." Or this from St. Matthew: "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."

The same assertion can be made of our poetry whenever the poet desires to unite extreme simplicity of expression with intensity of feeling. Undoubtedly the effect of exquisite tenderness in many of Tennyson's lyrics could not have been produced had not the poet employed almost exclusively native in preference to borrowed words. All will recall that perfect love-song in the *Princess*:

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea;  
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape,  
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;  
But O too fond, when have I answered thee?  
Ask me no more.

In this poem, out of one hundred and twenty-six words, but nine are of foreign origin: *mountain, cape, faded, fate, seal'd, vain, river, main, and touch*; and every one of these was borrowed at so early a date that it has long since ceased to be felt as foreign.

The immortal little cradle-song from the same poem, a song known wherever the English tongue is spoken, is more than ninety per cent Saxon, and the almost equally well-known lines, "As thro' the land at eve we went," contain native words exclusively.

The Saxon element, then, is still with us, and must be regarded as the bone and sinew of our speech. But while this

is true, it is also true that a language must have flesh and blood as well as bone and sinew; and a very large proportion of the flesh and blood of English is of foreign origin. The language of the press and the pulpit, of oratory, of literature and of science, even of daily life, is strongly impregnated with foreign words, mostly Latin.

A test which I recently made of paragraphs chosen at random from some of our most celebrated prose writers and from current cultivated English, gave the following results:

Addison, whose style Johnson so emphatically endorsed as a model of "elegance without ostentation," must likewise be honored as our purest writer, his vocabulary showing only about seventeen per cent of foreign words. Robert Louis Stevenson, coming nearly two hundred years after Addison, can still, like him, draw from the well of English undefiled. In his charming prose poem, the *Inland Voyage*, I find but twenty per cent of foreign terms. The master craftsman, De Quincey, achieves his magical effects by the use of an English seventy-seven per cent native. On the other hand, it is rather surprising to find that Gibbon, of whose stately Latin style we have heard so frequently, really employs a vocabulary much purer than that of Macaulay — twenty-eight per cent of foreign words as compared with the latter's thirty-three per cent. Macaulay's diction, one word out of every three of which is non-Teutonic, may be considered as marking the extreme limit of good taste in the choice of words. To pass beyond this point is to offend our linguistic sense, to write unidiomatic English. Hence the English of Herbert Spencer, which is full of paragraphs showing thirty-eight per cent or more of foreignisms; and the English of Johnson, which is sometimes forty per cent or even fifty per cent Latin, can be termed English only by courtesy. We can only shake our heads hopelessly over such linguistic monstrosities as Johnson's definition of the word net-work, as something "reticulated or decussated with interstices between the intersections."

Everyday English, the diction of the newspaper and of politics, shows considerable fluctuation; but the proportion of borrowed words is probably seldom less than twenty per cent, which I found in a recent speech of our strenuous Ex-President;

nor more than thirty per cent, which was the maximum counted in several editorials of a leading Southern daily.

It thus appears that even when written in its purest form present English commonly employs scarcely less than twenty per cent of foreign words, and a much greater proportion *may* be employed without prejudicing clearness of thought.

The story of the introduction and domestication of these linguistic immigrants into our Anglo-Saxon idiom, the narrative of their more than Odyssean wanderings and strange adventures, constitutes the *Romance of the Borrowed Word*.

## II.

A general survey of our vocabulary reveals the fact that the foreign words occur in historical groups. This is only another way of saying that, scientifically interpreted, they reveal the history of the Anglo-Saxon race in its relation to other races. Truly a remarkable proposition. It means that historical writings are not the only history. It means that ages before Gildas or the venerable Bede took up the pen to record the story of Briton and Saxon, another Brito-Saxon history had been silently and more faithfully recorded of facts unknown to either the British or the Saxon historian. Bede relates the oft-told tale of how the founders of the English race, Jutes, Angles, and Saxons migrated from the old Angleland on the southern shore of the German Ocean about the middle of the fifth century A. D.; but *street, wine, butter, pepper, church, devil, shrine, penny, pound, mint, inch, mile*, can take us further back and tell us a more interesting story. These words, with a few others, constitute the oldest borrowings in the English language. Their forms are such that we know that they could not have entered the language later than A. D. 450; hence the etymologist assigns them to the Continental Period of our tongue. *Church* and *devil* are Greek derivatives; all the rest are Latin.

How did the half-civilized German tribes—all innocent as they were of bookish lore—come by this classical terminology? The reply is, of course, by direct or indirect contact with the classical civilizations.

It is an easy matter to explain the Latin words. The Rhine

marks the point of contact. On those historic banks the unconquered German must have had almost daily commercial intercourse with the latinized Gaul or the Roman merchant; and in this connection it will doubtless be recalled that Cæsar, writing as early as the first century B. C., tells us that "[Roman] merchants have frequent intercourse with them." In later years, when the Empire had extended and consolidated its sway, and by a wonderful system of paved roads had bound together all of its innumerable districts and provinces, how much more intimate must that connection have become! Our word *street* is from the Latin *strata via*, a paved way, and its presence in English and all the other Teutonic languages testifies to the profound impression made upon our simple forefathers by the splendid military roads of the Empire. At first, however, the intercourse must have been purely commercial; for the borrowings *wine*, *butter*, *pepper*, *cheese*, *silk*, *alum*, *pound*, *inch*, *mint*, and *shrine* are all from the language of trade.

*Mint* is the Old English word for coin, and is a corruption of Latin *moneta*, a coin, so called because in Rome the mint was established in the temple of Juno Moneta, "Juno the Admonisher." Very much later, was borrowed from the French our word *money*, likewise a corruption of *moneta*.

*Shrine* has departed so widely from its original sense that it needs explanation. The Roman merchants evidently brought many of their commodities packed in boxes; for the Latin *scrinium*, from which *shrine* is derived, means merely a *box*, being entirely without any religious signification. So, too, Old English *scrin* at first is a box; and it was not until centuries later, after the migration to Britain, that the powerful influence of Christianity gradually narrowed the meaning to that of "a box containing sacred relics," or *shrine*, as we use the word in its strictest sense.

*Wine* is the Latin *vinum*, and its presence in all the Germanic dialects teaches us that the culture of the vine was entirely unknown to our forefathers before their contact with the Latin race. Nor has wine-drinking ever become a race habit with the Teutonic nations in the degree to which prevails among the Latin nations. With the former, whether German,

Dane, or Englishman, "the cup o' kindness" has always been of malt rather than of the grape. Philologically, too, the word *wine* is important as proving conclusively that the sound of the Latin *v* was pure *w* in classical times; so that Cæsar unquestionably said "*weni, widi, wici*," and not "*veni, vidi, vici*," as the spelling alone might seem to indicate.

I need hardly remind the reader that two words of the list given above are non-commercial; I mean of course *church* and *devil*. How did terms so intimately associated with Christianity come to be borrowed by the English tribes centuries before their conversion? They cannot, like the others, have entered the language through the medium of Latin, for *church*, Old English *cirice*, is plainly from the Greek plural *kuriaka*, meaning "the Lord's House;" and *devil* presents linguistic difficulties unless we derive it from Greek *diabolos*. How did the heathen Angles and Saxons—blue-eyed worshippers of Odin and Thor on the shores of the far-away northern sea—come by Greek ecclesiastical terms? The answer to this question opens an obscure chapter in European history. In the fourth century A. D. a tribe of the Goths, a Teutonic people, who had by an imperial decree been permitted to settle in the Danubian province of the Eastern Roman Empire, were converted to Christianity by Bishop Ulfilas, himself a Goth. Now Ulfilas had been educated not at Rome, but in the Hellenic half of the Empire, and hence it was Greek and not Roman Christianity that he instilled into his Goths. The result is that we find Greek and seldom Latin loan-words in the fragments of Gothic that have come down to us. Here is the answer to our question of the original source of *church* and *devil*: the Goths adopted them first from the Greek and passed them on to all the other Germanic tribes, one by one, until they reached the Jutes, Angles, and Saxons. But I must not fail to point out that the Goths, as adherents of the Greek Church, were firm believers in Arianism; hence historically neither our *church* nor even the *devil* himself can claim to be quite orthodox!

I said above that the intercourse of the German tribes along the Rhine with the Romans was at first purely a commercial one. We have evidence quite incontrovertible that in the closing



years of the Empire this intercourse had become much more intimate, that the Woden worshippers began to become acquainted with Christianity; not, indeed, with its inward and spiritual grace, for that was still centuries distant, but certainly with many of its outward and visible signs. Our knowledge of the development of sounds of the Romance languages enables us to know positively that about the beginning of the fifth century, and not later than A. D. 450, our English forefathers became well acquainted with and adopted into their language many ecclesiastical expressions current on the Gallic bank of the Rhine,—with *bishop, priest, monk, cowl, minister*, and even *provost*. To these must possibly be added the name of Christ, Old English *crist*, the mysterious God of the Christians. But I should state that philologists are not agreed on this last point.

The middle of the fifth century saw the primitive English settled or settling in Celtic Britain. Three hundred years of Roman rule and Roman luxury had so effectually weakened the spirit of the Britons, that they proved no match for the vigorous and indomitable Germans, who, in the course of a struggle of a hundred and fifty years, became masters of all but the western and southwestern limits of the Island. The story of those dark days, of the death-grapple of Christian civilization and semi-barbarous paganism, has never been told by authentic history. Practically all is guesswork or legend. It has remained for English philology to throw at least some light on the English Conquest of Britain.

The number of Celtic words adopted by the English at this time is extremely small, a fact which alone points to the existence of a deadly hostility between these races; an enmity so bitter that there could have been no such thing as pleasant or familiar social intercourse between them. It was war, stern and relentless, for a century and a half, until the original possessors of the soil were either entirely expelled or enslaved. How eloquent in this connection is the old word *Wealh*, which signifies (1) Welshman, (2) foreigner, (3) slave! That last word tells the whole story: the implacable Saxon lives in the same land with the unfortunate Briton, a man infinitely more highly civilized than himself, and *after a century and a half* still brands

him a foreigner and a slave. The conquerer holds his beaten adversary in such fine scorn that he refuses to learn of him. He will none of his Roman culture, none of his Christian religion. Such terms as he does condescend to adopt are of the humblest character, such as the Saxon child might be supposed to gather from his British nurse, or learn from the British farm hand — words like *cradle*, *mattock*, *hog*, *cart*; or features of scenery denoted by *dūn*, a hill; *rocc*, a cliff, Modern English *rock*.

After the year 597, when Pope Gregory's monks began the wholesale conversion of the English, we find the Latin element in Old English increased by hundreds of new words, mostly ecclesiastical in sense. The majority of these are "learned," that is, taken directly from literary Latin; words like *apostle*, *martyr*, *patriarch*, *pope*, *deacon*, *clerk*, *stole*, *tunic*, and a host of others. These are to be distinguished from the "popular" loan-words, which are those obtained by direct contact with the *spoken* language. Naturally the popular class are more interesting than the learned, because of the linguistic and psychological changes they have experienced; whereas a word taken directly can scarcely be said to have a history. Let us take as an illustration *martyr* and *lewd*, both primarily ecclesiastical expressions, and both borrowed shortly after the Conversion. *Martyr* is "learned," taken without the change of a letter from the Latin, which in turn adopted it from the Greek *martur*, a witness, especially in the religious sense of "witness to the truth of one's religion;" and that is all. On the other hand, *lewd*, a purely popular word, has so completely transformed itself that only a specialist can recover its original form and sense. In Old English "a lewd man" meant any layman, any person not in holy orders, and was derived from Gallic Vulgar Latin *lagwado*, a corruption of Latin *laicatus*, itself an unclassical derivative of *laicus*, layman. Now in the course of time *lewd* became dissociated from all connection with the Church, and assumed the sense of "belonging to the common people, "vulgar," from which the final step to its present invidious significance was easy. The biblical phrase "certain lewd fellow of the baser sort" represents the middle, and not the final stage in the degradation of this word.

## III.

The history of *lewd* is only an example of a phenomenon quite common in language: I mean sense-degeneration. Evil communications corrupt good manners in words as well as in men. *Villain*, *caitiff*, *pirate*, *savage*, *bedlam*, and many more were once either entirely harmless, or even respectable members of society.

*Villain*, from Latin *villanus*, was once the farmhand attached to the *villa*, or farm of the Roman.

*Caitiff*, which betrays its popular Romance origin so plainly by the dropping of the *p* between the vowels, is a legitimate offspring of Latin *captivus*, and therefore at first meant only a prisoner or captive; then (from the viewpoint of his jailor or conqueror) "wretched captive," and finally "cowardly wretch" in general.

*Savage* is Old French *salvagē*, corrupted from Latin *silvaticus*, a man of the woods, a wild man.

*Pirate*, a word which has been from ancient times associated with blood and horrors, is from the Greek word *peirao*, to attempt, and hence at first meant an enterprising man, a bold and hardy adventurer. It points us to those primitive ages when piracy was deemed by the Greeks an honorable calling.

*Bedlam* is nothing more nor less than Bethlehem. In the Middle Ages a company of pious nuns founded the Order of St. Mary of Bethlehem. Later a sort of branch house was established at London under the same name. In connection with the nunnery was a hospice, or house of entertainment for visiting members of the Order. The hospice later opened its doors for the reception and care of lunatics, and St. Mary's of Bethlehem became an insane asylum. Now when Henry V abolished the religious houses in England, the hospice of Bethlehem was allowed to continue its useful career as a madhouse, and soon, every religious association being removed from the name, people began to speak of any asylum for the insane as a "bethlehem," or "bedlam," as they pronounced the word. The last step, which completed the degradation of the name of the birth-place of Christ, was taken when the word was delocalized

altogether and generalized to mean a hubbub of discordant voices.

The history of this word is so significant, that even at the risk of appearing somewhat digressive I must quote the words of Professor Kittredge on this point:

"It is interesting to observe that in the history of this word we have involved the founding of the Christian religion, the passing of the Holy Land into the control of the Saracens, the Crusades, which restored it to Christianity, the continued relations between the Latin Orient and Western Europe, the whole theory and practice of monastic institutions and fraternities, with their labors in behalf of the poor and sick, the Reformation in general, and, in particular, the Reformation in England under Henry VIII, with its confusion of religious and secular motives. Incidentally, this involves the personal history of Henry VIII, and, in particular his quarrel with the Pope over the question of his divorce from Katharine of Aragon and his marriage to Anne Boleyn. In other words, the history of the single word *bedlam* cannot be completely understood without some knowledge of the history of Europe and Asia for more than fifteen hundred years. It would be hard to find a more striking instance of the absurdity of regarding the study of words as a narrow and trivial diversion of pedants. Words are the signs of thoughts and thoughts make history."<sup>1</sup>

While words are subject to sense-degeneration, as I have tried to show, language likewise affords numerous examples of the opposite tendency, where the word has risen in dignity by becoming associated with conceptions of greater dignity than itself. *Ambassador*, *constable*, *chamberlain*, *etiquette*, and *seneschal* are all linguistic aristocrats whose pedigree reveals upon investigation the humblest origin. Like most other aristocrats, they owe their quarterings to the favors of royalty. They are all living witnesses to the majesty which doth hedge a king; for it was in the service of the early kings of France that they acquired the honorable significance which still attaches to their names.

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<sup>1</sup>"Words and Their Ways in English Speech," p. 388.

*Ambassador* takes us back over a tortuous path by way of Italian and Low Latin to the classical *ambactus* of Cæsar's Gallic War, a word itself borrowed by the Romans from the old Celtic tongue of Gaul. In both languages the sense is that of "servant." "Minister," the other diplomatic word, likewise goes back to the idea of "servant" in Latin. Only recently (1893) *Ambassador* has succeeded in shooting ahead of the rival term in American diplomacy.

*Marshal* and *seneschal* were both borrowed by the French from Old High German, the language of the Frankish conquerors of Gaul. In Old German *scalk* meant a servant. *Marshal* is only "horse-servant" (or horse-boy), while *seneschal* is "old servant."

*Constable* is the French corruption of Latin "comes stabuli," literally, companion or count of the stable, more intelligibly, the head groom; while in *chamberlain* we have the servant in charge of the royal bed-chamber.

What centuries of unwritten history have gone into these words! What deeds of high emprise in the cause of His Most Christian Majesty must have been faithfully performed before the wretched Frankish *scalk* could become a Constable of France or a Marshal of the Empire! What cunningly devised and successfully executed court intrigues, what years of unquestioning service, what kicks and curses from petulant Royalty, what abject fawnings and loyal leg-makings, must have gone into the up-building of the smoother of beds and trimmer of candles into the proud and insolent Lord Chamberlain!

In the case of *constable* we have the remarkable instance of a word reaching a high pinnacle only to decline again to a position not far removed from its starting-point. Already in the eighteenth century *constable* had begun to be used in the sense of "petty officer of the Peace;" but it has remained for the State of South Carolina to complete the degradation of the once high and potent officer of state by making him the confiscator of beer kegs and whiskey bottles.

I conclude this discussion of sense elevation and depression with the interesting word *etiquette*. Here we have another witness to the Frankish conquest of Gaul; for the Old French



*estiquet*, the prototype of "etiquette," is really from the German word *stecken*, English *stick*, and meant at first, as the venerable Cotgrave informs us in his Glossary, "a little note, such as is stuck up on the gate of a court." In other words a sort of ticket — an English word which is likewise from the same Old French expression. But it is the last word of Cotgrave's definition which is the key to the puzzle. The little note stuck up on the gatepost of the King's palace was really frequently a poster or bulletin announcing court functions to the public. "According to the etiquette," then, must have the phrase to designate the proper degree of ceremony to be observed on such occasions; from which the abstract use of *etiquette* for "due ceremony in general" naturally followed.

#### IV.

We return now, after this somewhat wide digression, to the next step in the historical development of our English vocabulary. All of us have read of the Danish invasions of England during the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries. King Alfred himself has left in the English Chronicle an imperishable record of his struggle to save Anglo-Saxon civilization from being overwhelmed by the flood of Scandinavian barbarism. But the wise monarch's last and successful resort to convert the wild sea-rovers into law-abiding English citizens by assigning the eastern and northern half of his empire to them was destined to have far-reaching effects upon the English tongue. True, the Danes in time abandoned their Norse speech and adopted English; but Old Norse was a language closely akin to our mother-tongue, and while this kinship undoubtedly facilitated the exchange of languages, the process was not completed without a generous infusion of Norse words and constructions into the native English.

Prior to the Norman Conquest very few Scandinavian words made their way into English; but the Battle of Hastings, by substituting foreign rule for the autonomy of the Saxon state, likewise destroyed the supremacy of the West Saxon dialect as the literary language of old England. From the beginning of the twelfth century to the death of Chaucer in 1400, the dia-

lects flourished absolutely without restraint. Written English was always Dialect English. Every child of the pen wrote, as he spoke, the native speech of his shire. Now, of the four chief dialects of this period, two, the Northern and the East Midland, were spoken in the northern and eastern portions of England, the very sections of the old West Saxon kingdom given over by Alfred to the Danish invaders. Furthermore, the East Midland dialect, being conveniently placed between the extremes of Northern and Southern, and therefore better adapted than any of the others to act as intermediary between the men of the North and the men of the South, was likewise the dialect of London—the common meeting-ground of all Englishmen; and London English was destined to become and to remain Standard English. It was thus that scores of Danish words, words that King Alfred or Bishop Wulfstan would have stamped as abhorrent barbarisms, found their way into general currency, and are now felt to be as homely, as vivid, as thoroughly idiomatic as the speech of Alfred. Take, for instance, such simple conceptions as *hit*, *leg*, *log*, *low*, *same*, *take*, *thrall*, *want*, *call*, *scream*, *screech*, *fellow*; or the whole *sk*-class; *i. e.* words recognized as Scandinavian by having these letters where Old English has *sh*-, words like *skia*, *skin*, *skirt*, *skull*, *skulk*, *sky*, and *whisk*. Even *husband*, a word which is commonly regarded as native, and explained as “the bond or band of the house,” is now known to be merely an English corruption of Old Norse *husbuandi*, house-dweller. Who, again, would suppose that the name of the sacred symbol of the Christian religion—the word *cross*—could have been introduced into English by the heathen Dane? Yet such was the case. Here is a word with a curious history. The Danes of the viking age were notorious for their predatory descents upon Ireland, a country, which, even at that remote period, had long been christianized. Doubtless it was the sight of the cross borne aloft by their Christian foemen on many a bloody field, that caused the Irish word *cross* to stick in their heathen memories so tenaciously. At all events, the pagan Norsemen brought the Christian cross to England; and eventually the new word pushed out the native “holy rood” altogether. Of course, the

ultimate source of *cross* is Latin *crux*, the Irish getting the word from St. Patrick or his successors.

A favorite rough test for establishing the source of a given word in Present English is to say that if a child of three or four years, or an entirely uneducated peasant, can understand it without explanation, the word is probably native. Thus, in the sentence just written, our child or peasant would find no difficulty with *a*, *rough*, *the*, *of*, *given*, *say*, *that*, *child*, and *understand*; but *favorite*, *test*, *establish*, *original*, *source*, *vocabulary*, *uneducated*, and *explanation*, would be a foreign tongue to him. But apply this test to the Danish element, and it fails signally. The failure proceeds from the fact that, first of all, these borrowings are as purely Teutonic as is native English, and secondly, that they are not literary or learned terms, but everyday expressions acquired by the English peasantry from their Danish neighbors. This wonderfully intimate relation between the Danish and the native elements makes this group of borrowings occupy a position entirely unique in our vocabulary. Other languages have enriched our tongue with expressions that have, in many instances, become as perfectly familiar to the child of three years or the simple peasant as these old Danish words; but Danish alone has succeeded in disturbing the grammatical unity of English; Danish alone has succeeded in forcing a foreign form upon an English word, or an English word to assume a foreign meaning. The Danish influence upon our Grammar is seen in the pronoun, of which the plural forms, *they*, *their*, and *them*, are all modifications of the Norse pronouns *their* and *heim*, and cannot, of course, be explained from the Old English corresponding case-forms *hie*, *heora*, and *him*. Further, several words beginning with *g*, like *get* and *give*, which in Old England were pronounced "yet" and "yive," etc., have in Modern English assumed the hard *g* through the influence of Old Norse *geta* and *giva*. Old English *sweostor* or *swystor*, which should have become in Modern English *swister*, has taken the form *sister*, influenced by Norse *syster*. Old English *eorl*, Modern *earl*, was at first merely any man of noble rank. The corresponding term in Old Norse was *jarl*. But in the Danish body politic the jarl was a noble of the highest

rank, a sort of viceroy. Hence when Cnut, the Danish king of England, divided the land into four great provinces and set a jarl to rule over each, the English designated the new potentate by their similar cognate word *eorl*, which by this means acquired new dignity and power.

V.

We shall now discuss that event which, more than all other causes combined, has helped to saturate our mother-tongue with words of foreign origin; I mean the Norman Conquest.

Volumes have been written on the linguistic changes wrought in English by the result of the Battle of Hastings; hence only the salient points can be stressed in the limits of this article. These I shall endeavor to present as briefly as possible.

In 1066, when the fortune of war gave Duke William the fair realm of England, English speech contained probably not above 600 words of foreign origin. But before the close of the century the French-speaking Norman everywhere ruled the land, dispossessing Saxon thane and Saxon franklin of many a fair estate, surrounding himself with Norman vassals, clinging proudly to his French tongue and French customs, despising those of the conquered race as boorish and uncivil. On the other hand was the Saxon, comprising the vast majority of the population. He, too, clung with genuine English conservatism to his English tongue and English customs. Naturally, while the two races stood thus related there could be no very noticeable influence of Norman speech upon English speech, or *vice versa*. Each pursued the even tenor of its way, apparently ignoring the presence of its rival, Norman spoken in the Court and the castle, English in the hall and the field. For a century and a half after Hastings, the monuments of Middle English that have come down to us show hardly more than one hundred Norman-French words.

But as the feeling of hostility wore itself out, and Norman king and baron learned the value of the strong arm of the English soldier, whether in civil strife or foreign war, a kindlier spirit made itself felt between the two races. We hear of Norman kings calling themselves Englishmen, of English armies

fighting the battles of absent Norman kings. When this amalgamation commenced to take place, French words began to make their way into English in constantly increasing numbers; at first from the Norman dialect exclusively, but later, as Central French, the French of Paris, became fashionable at Court, and the rich stores of Central French literature became accessible to English poets, Norman French died out, and the new-comers were taken from the Parisian dialect. It will be recalled that Chaucer, who wrote at the very time when the tide was turning in favor of the latter, says apologetically of his charming prioress:

And Frenssh she spak ful faire and fetisly  
After the scole of Stratford-atte-Bowe,  
For Frenssh of Parys was to hire unknowe.

That is, she understood the Anglo-French as taught in the nunnery of Stratford, but of the newly risen fashionable Parisian she knew nothing.

When we examine the character of the hundreds of Norman words which thus became part and parcel of our English idiom, we observe — as has been frequently pointed out — that they constitute largely the language of courtesy and of high life, of military affairs, of the Church, of law and diplomacy, and even of cookery; such words as *chivalry*, *courtesy*, *duke*, *baron*, *count*, *war*, *peace*, *siege*, *danger*, *dart*, *lance*, *chaplain*, *chalice*, *abbey*, *jury*, *chattel*, *acquit*, *damage*, *dinner*, *supper*, *boil*, *broil*, *beef*, *pork*, *mutton* — and a host of other words now equally indispensable in the daily speech of every person of reasonable culture. When we ask for an explanation of this phenomenon, we are commonly told that the English were forced to borrow such expressions because they were far inferior to the Normans in general culture and refinement. Now while it is true that the English people seem to have been at the time of the Conquest in a state of melancholy decadence which rendered them inferior to the victors in the respects mentioned, yet the language they spoke was still the language of the great Alfred, of Dunstan, of Ælfric, and must have preserved in its vocabulary the memories of a culture no whit inferior (except solely in the matter of chivalry) to that of the Norman. Less



than a century before the Conquest, the Englishman could boast a general culture, a skill in manufactures and the fine arts, a wide learning, a splendid literature in both prose and poetry, a zeal in advancing the cause of Christianity, that made him famous throughout Europe; and all these advantages he had possessed when the Norman was yet a pagan and a barbarian.

No, the adoption of this phraseology of high life was more probably the very natural and inevitable outcome of the political relation of Norman to Saxon. The Normans were the ruling class; they occupied every office of any importance in Church and State; they led the armies to battle, and conducted negotiations for peace; they presided over the courts. In short they comprised "society" in its narrowest sense, and it was therefore quite unavoidable that Norman words of the character referred to should have been adopted, before English finally, in the fourteenth century, came forth victorious from the struggle. The poets, too, must have played their part, for the English poetry of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries consists largely of translations or paraphrases of Anglo-French or Central French epics, and abounds with miscellaneous French borrowings taken from the originals.

Thus the most vital result of the Conquest, so far as it relates to language, was that it threatened to substitute a habit of indiscriminate word-borrowing in the place of the old Teutonic fashion of forming the new word by compounding elements already present in the language. This undoubtedly represents a great loss in clearness; for the compound, composed of native elements, is self-explanatory, whereas the imported word is a riddle to the uninitiated, a continual stumbling-block to the Malaprops of every generation. Even the foreign terms of the language of exaggeration have lost much of their pristine force by being transferred to English. We never realize, as the Romans did that *execrable* is "utterly accursed," that *astonish* is "to strike with thunder," that *surprise* once meant "to seize upon by sudden assault;" nor does the schoolgirl quite realize, when she speaks of "that *horrid* man," that she has termed him a monster so terrifying as to make her hair rise! Happily for the usefulness of English as a practical language, this

unlucky habit was checked by conflicting with our "Sprachgefühl," our sense of idiom; and we still preserve quite vigorously the power of compounding. Side by side with *autonomous* and *dignity*, we have *self-governing* and *worthiness*; *phonograph* and *automobile* are paralleled by *railroad* and *steamboat*.

But whether we regard the borrowing habit as a loss or a gain, it was the most important legacy of speech left us by the Conquest. In the course of eight hundred years it has made our English stock of words the most complex, the most heterogeneous, of the vocabularies of the world. It has filled our huge dictionaries to bursting with tens of thousands of "English" words which no one Englishman ever heard of, gleaned from every corner of the globe and from every language alive or dead. Let us be fervently thankful that no speaker of the King's English is ever expected to become acquainted with more than a few thousand of them.

## VI.

The space allotted me forbids further discussion of the historical development of the borrowed word. Of the Humanist movement and the great Revival of Learning, resulting in immense importations of learned Greek and Latin terms; of the Italian influence in the days of Wyatt and Surrey, and the later French influence in the Stuart reigns; of the Spanish-American loan-words and words from other sources,—of all these I may not treat. I shall conclude with a short discussion of certain phenomena connected with the borrowings.

First, Recurrence.—This is a name, which, for lack of a happier phrase, I have ventured to apply to a very fascinating department of language study. By Recurrence is meant the reborrowing of the foreign word in another form and with an altered significance at some later period of the language. Examples of recurrence are particularly abundant in the Latin element of English, because our language has been from its inception to the present day in close touch either with book-Latin or with folk-Latin, *i. e.*, the popular Latin spoken in Italy, Gaul, and Spain. This two-fold contact has often

resulted in the borrowing of that same word twice or more frequently into our English speech; first as a learned term, and again, or again and again, as a popular form; or *vice versâ*. A few examples by way of illustration.

Who would suppose there was any connection between such widely different conceptions as *circus* and *search*? Yet both are derived from the same Latin word *circus*, a circle, a circular place. Their present wide divergence arises from the fact that *circus* is taken without change from the literary Latin, while to arrive at *search*, we must make the long and historic journey through Middle English, Old French, and Low Latin back to the classical word. To understand the present meaning of *search* we must know that from *circus* the Romans made *circare*, "to go about in a circle;" later the sense became "to go about in search of something," hence "to search." Similarly were differentiated and developed such doublets as *feat* and *fact*, *coy* and *quiet*, *surety* and *security*, *dainty* and *dignity*, *naïve* and *native*, of which pairs the first word in each case represents the folk-Latin or popular development, the second the classical or literary form. In *leal*, *loyal*, and *legal*, in *cattle*, *chattel*, and *capital*,—the former set from Latin *lex*, law, the latter from *capitale*, wealth, property,—we have examples of triplets, representing respectively Norman French, Parisian French, and literary Latin. It will be noted that in examples of recurrence the popular form has in each case acquired in the course of its long career new meanings or shades of meaning, through which the primitive sense barely manages to peep; and that such words as *leal* and *loyal* have developed poetical and sentimental values totally foreign to the classical prototypes.

Anglicizing.—To the Englishman of every age and clime whatever is foreign is odious. Applying this principle to language, he has always insisted on making the foreign term assume a familiar dress in order that it may seem English externally, however outlandish it may be internally. If from an inflected language, like Latin or Greek, the inflections are either dropped, as in *lucid* from *lucidus*, *insist* from *insistere*, etc., or else made familiar by substituting for the foreign ending the corresponding Anglo-French suffix—another striking

evidence of how completely English has made the Old French element its own. Thus Greek *diaphanēs* and Latin *perfidiosus* become *diaphanous*, *perfidious*, where the ending *-ous* is only the Old French corruption of Latin *-osus*. On the same principle, that the more familiar is preferred to the less familiar, all our Greek proper names appear re-spelled as Latin and pronounced as English. Instead of Alkaios, Kuros, Oidipous, etc., we have Alcaeus, Cyrus, Œdipus.

Sometimes the new word, misunderstood by the man of no classical training, would receive an English ending of the same force as the foreign, and thus a double inflection would result. Examples are the sixteenth century learned borrowings in *-ate* and *-ite*, words like *expedite*, *extricate*. Being formed from the Latin past participle they were all at first used as adjectives exclusively, as in Roger Ascham's phrase "the Englishman Italianate." The English ear, however, was not satisfied with participial adjectives in *-ate* or *-ite*, and soon *-ed* was added by way of reinforcement. But as soon as this was done, everybody felt that *expedited*, *extricated*, were English past participles from "to expedite," "to extricate," etc. Thus a host of new verbs was formed.

The next step in anglicizing a word is to ignore the foreign accentuation by throwing the stress upon the first syllable, as in native English words. A constant and relentless war is waged by the native against the foreign accent, a struggle lasting for centuries. But in the end the result is ever the same: the English accentuation triumphs, and triumphs, too, despite the combined forces of education and conservatism. The entire group of French words entering English prior to the fifteenth century have lost their foreign accentuation. When Chaucer and his predecessors lived they said, *tresūr*, *licōūr*, *duchéssē*, etc.; we have *treasure*, *liquor*, and *duchess*. One hundred years ago, *balcony* and *Niagara* were pronounced *balcóny* and *Niagára*; two hundred years ago *envy* was *envý*, as this couplet of Cowley's shows:

True lovers oft by fortune are envy'd,  
But Providence engages on their side.

And all who recall Shakespeare's line about the "sweet aspect of princes" must have observed that the verse can not be properly scanned if we accent the first syllable of "aspect" as at present. But why multiply instances of what is going on in speech every day? Do we not constantly hear some unlucky wight speak *Déceember*, *hórizón*, *vágary*, and numberless other equally unorthodox pronunciations? Zealous instructor! blame him not overmuch; he is only a trifle in advance of his time; he is merely speaking the speech of his grandchildren.

Popular Etymology.—The throwing back of the accent is in most cases the final step in the Englishing process. But often the uneducated person is not satisfied with stopping here. He tries to make the foreigner altogether English by calling it by an English name. In this way were formed hundreds of so-called popular etymologies,—words like *causeway*, *runagate*, *demijohn*, the military phrase *boots and saddles*, the London place-name *Charter House*, and the boulevard *Rotten Row*. It need scarcely be said that the English words suggested by these popular transformations are not contained in the original expressions.

*Causeway* is Old French *causey*, a highway, and is equivalent to the Modern French *chaussée*.

*Runagate* was once *renegado*, "one who denies," particularly one who denies his faith, an apostate. The popular mind conceived the word as meaning "a runaway from a good cause," and so converted *renegade* into *runagate*, as though from *run*, and *gate*, an old dialect word meaning "way."

The word *demijohn* is ultimately from the Persian town-name *Demaghana*, where, it is said, demijohns were first manufactured. The form *demijohn* is entirely senseless, as many popular etymologies are, and merely indicates the desperate lengths to which the vulgar mind will go in its attempt to make the foreign thing native. Even the "ignobile vulgus" seems to have found but small satisfaction in this work of its hands; for has it not since produced and presented to the world the unapproachable masterpiece *jimmyjohn*?

*Boots and saddles* is the cavalryman's translation of the French military command "*Boutez selles!*" saddle the horses.



*Charter House* is a Middle English corruption of Old French *Chartrôus*, i. e., the monastery of the Carthusian monks in London.

*Rotten Row* is a Cockney rendering of *Route du Roy*, the King's Way.

That folk etymologists are still at work in Present English scarcely requires demonstration. When the uneducated classes have to wrestle with such mysteries as Latin and Greek medical terms, the world-old tendency to familiarize them is immediately in evidence. The cultured man or woman may be afflicted with erysipelas, delirium tremens, bronchitis, or varicose veins; poor cuffy, however, or the English peasant, has, instead, *hairy sipples*, *delicious beam-ends*, *brown crisis*, or *very coarse veins*. English physicians have even had reported to them poor patients who were suffering from *a porpoise*, and *a dissenter*,—troubles that were finally diagnosed as a polypus and dysentery.

The philosophy of popular etymology is that it reveals the workings of the folk-mind, and bears constant witness to the continued vitality of the Teutonic element in English.

The philosophy of the whole article is that our English speech, has, without surrendering the distinctive hallmarks of its Teutonic origin, become the heir of all the ages.

Finally, if in the course of these observations I have failed to bring home to every reader the historical significance of the borrowed word, then this article has failed to justify its title. For it is just the fact that words are fossil history, that word-study is only man-study, which envelops the study of words with a certain glamour of Romance. As Archbishop Trench wrote long ago, "Words are the amber in which a thousand precious thoughts have been embalmed and preserved."

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## THE MISSION OF A STATE UNIVERSITY

Connected as I am with an institution privately endowed and privately controlled, I might feel some embarrassment in discussing this subject, were it not for the fact, for which I have always been grateful, that the first years of my professional life were passed in a state university. It was my privilege to see what is now one of the leading state institutions of the West pass from a condition of uncertain equilibrium to one of unquestioned stability, from a day of small things to a day of assured strength and large resources. Under the leadership of that state university, and largely through its persistent and well-directed efforts, I saw the public school system reorganized, extended, and made more efficient; the standards of professional training in law and medicine elevated; the investigation and development of the natural resources of the state guided by the advice of the scientific departments; the public spirit and good citizenship of the commonwealth strengthened and informed; and all at the expense of the state, an expense willingly incurred and generously increased. Of course, we never got everything we wanted; we kept in active training our sovereign right as American citizens to criticise the legislature and tell the Governor what he ought to recommend; but we never failed to receive from the lawmakers of the state more liberal support each year than had been accorded the year before. What was drilled into us in those years was an appreciation of the state university as a great agency for serving the common good; a feeling of obligation to give back to the state an equivalent in service for the facilities which it generously gave us; and a determination to put the state, so far as education could do it, in the front rank among American commonwealths.

Fortunately, the day has long since gone by in which it was necessary to argue for the right of a state to furnish, at public expense, higher education of every sort to its sons and daughters. There never has been any legal question on that point; the only controversy has been, at best, one of expediency, and that has long since been affirmatively settled. The existence

of a state university is in itself sufficient proof that, in the state in which it is established, its citizens are committed to the maintenance of higher education at the cost, and for the benefit, of the whole people. If further proof of the general proposition were needed, the fact that more than three-fourths of the states have state universities actively at work would be conclusive. Even in New England, preëminently the home of the privately endowed college and professional school, we have two state universities, and a notable discussion is going on over the propriety of establishing others.

But why are we doing this? Why are the states taxing themselves to provide, either at a nominal cost or entirely free of charge to students, libraries, laboratories, museums, lecture halls, gymnasiums, and all the diversified and expensive apparatus of a modern university? Is it not because we realize, more fully than ever before, the necessity of elevating, physically, intellectually, and morally, and to the highest practicable point, the whole people of a state, if the industrial, political, and social life of the state is to be kept vigorous and pure? We are wrestling to-day in this country with the greatest political problem to which a civilized people has ever addressed itself: the problem of maintaining popular representative government, founded on the consent of the governed, over vast areas, and among peoples drawn from every nation under heaven and representing every degree of social development. We stand committed, we always have stood committed, to government of the people, by the people, for the people; we stand unalterably opposed, as we always have, to the control of government by any one class of men or by any man. Of all the social ideals ever held before the imagination of a nation, this is the most splendid, the most stimulating, the most awe-inspiring: this conception of a whole people standing shoulder to shoulder, each for the other and each for all, controlling their destiny by their votes, impelled by their own intelligence to ever higher and higher achievements of power and reward. It was for the attainment of this ideal, for themselves and their children, that our fathers lived and worked, as it was in the pursuit of it that some of them even dared to die.

Yet I but state an ancient and obvious truth when I assert that the only sure foundation of the greatness of a state is education. I use the word in no restricted sense. I mean by it everything that enters into the making of an efficient and resourceful man or woman. And how immeasurably wide has that field become as the years have sped! How many things that were luxuries once are necessities now! How much that was optional with the fathers is obligatory with the sons! The college which, fifty years ago, gave its bachelor's degree for a course of study less exacting than that of a first-rate modern high school, now demands the high school course as a prerequisite for admission. The practice of law, open less than fifty years ago to anyone who could pass a formal examination on Blackstone's "*Commentaries*" and the statutes of the state, is rapidly being closed to all who have not behind them a two or three years' course of systematic study, preferably in a law school. We assume that our physician to-day is a graduate of a reputable medical school, and that our minister has had at least a collegiate and a theological training. Our great engineering undertakings are intrusted, not to youths fresh from the common school, but to the graduates of scientific schools of rigorous standards. Everywhere, in all departments of life, we demand the specialist, the highly trained investigator, the skilled technician, the man of assured knowledge and demonstrated power. There is nothing for which we willingly pay so much as for the services of the man or woman who can do for us, in every truth, the thing we are in earnest about having done.

Nor are these lines of highly paid expert service by any means the only ones in which we need ample provision for broad and efficient training. We need it equally in the great domains of agriculture and manufacturing. With all the wealth taken from the land year by year, we have nevertheless hardly begun to appreciate the agricultural possibilities of this country. We do not grow anywhere near as many bushels of wheat or corn, or pounds of cotton, or tons of hay to the acre as we might if our farmers as a class observed more intelligent methods; nor do we get as much for what is raised as we might if farmers

generally applied to their business the same intelligent study of markets and trade conditions that merchants, bankers, and manufacturers apply to theirs. I hear complaint in the North of late over the high price of cotton; but as I look at it, the planter who holds back his crop until he gets the best price that a going market will pay, and thus compels the middleman and the manufacturer to share with him more equitably in the profits of one of the world's great industries, helps to raise the standard of efficiency and intelligence in the whole farmer class.

So with mechanical industry of every sort, and with trade. In spite of all the marvelous growth of machinery and labor-saving appliances, it still remains true that the best workman in any occupation is the one who is best informed, that the best foreman or superintendent is the man of most experience, intelligence, and all-round education, and that a low-grade man and a high-grade machine do not permanently go well together. People sometimes talk as though there were some great fundamental difference between hand work and head work; whereas they are both alike the application of intelligence to the performance of a given task. The carpenter and bricklayer, the brakeman and telegrapher, the printer and electrician, have need, if they are worth their salt, of as much education for the performance of their several tasks, proportionately to the conditions to be overcome, as have the physician, the lawyer, the teacher, or the engineer. And the American state generously builds up its university that it may freely and impartially train them all.

I have emphasized higher education as an advantage, a benefit alike to the community and to the individual. Let me point out also its indispensable service as a safeguard. There can be no greater peril in a republic than an ignorant electorate. From it spring not only disorder and crime, but selfishness, dishonesty, grievous and irrational class distinctions, poverty, and a low state of public morals. And there is another kind of ignorance, distinguished by easy contentment with a small measure of knowledge, a lack of interest in what is going on in the world, and a placid acceptance of cheap ideals and vulgar surroundings, which is as dangerous as illiteracy. If



the American Republic is to endure, as we hope and pray that it may, it can only be through raising each individual in it to as high a plane of culture as his natural powers will admit; enlarging his information, training his faculties and senses, widening the range of his intellectual interests, cultivating his powers of expression, and making him efficient as a worker and a citizen. Between educating the masses and keeping them slaves, there is no middle ground; and we in this country have not yet learned to bow the neck. There are but two classes of people in the world, those who are fit to govern, and those who are fit to be governed.

Nor can we stop with the provision of elementary education in primary and grammar school: we must go on to provide for the higher life and the greater efficiency also: and the same argument that sustains an education of the public for a little way, sustains also their education to the highest degree of which any of them may be capable. It is indeed a heavy burden of responsibility that democracy lays upon us, this development to the fullest extent of the whole mass of people; but two score American commonwealths are going deeper into their pockets every year, and doing it gladly, that they may not learn by bitter experience the social dangers of ignorance. Thomas Jefferson challenged the fundamental political philosophy of his Federalist opponents by declaring that government must, sooner or later, trust the people; and the University of Virginia stands as a lasting monument to the great Southern leader who saw that only through education could the people become fit to be trusted.

I am aware that there are those who feel that the spread of so-called higher education, especially among the middle and lower classes, often carries with it distinct social danger, and who would even have the work of the common schools limited and restrained. In their view, education, whenever it passes beyond the mere elemental necessities of breadwinning, tends to make the lower average of men think more highly of themselves than they ought to think. Too much education, we are frankly told, endangers the labor supply, makes workmen discontented with their lot, interferes with the right of the em-

ployer to control his own business, and breeds the social restlessness which is so great an enemy of industrial stability.

Needless to say, I do not share this opinion. Education, of course, is no cure-all for social ills, but neither is it the cause of them. We shall never see in this world equality of individual ability or of social conditions; we would not have it even if it were in our power to bring it about. There will always be hewers of wood and drawers of water, always laborers to be hired, just as there will always be great captains of industry, strong men able to wield the forces of the industrial world and make them tell for social progress. Education will not destroy these distinctions; they are not invidious distinctions, and they ought not to be destroyed. What education will do, what every state in this Union is to-day earnestly purposing that it shall do, is to give to every man, woman, and child something like equality of opportunity, a fair chance to develop all the powers God has given him, a fair chance to add to the wealth and happiness of the community more than he could ever hope to add were he left ignorant and untrained.

If I were a manufacturer, I should wish to sell just as much product as I could. The only way to sell more, in the long run, is for the community to raise its standard of living to a point where it wants more and can afford to have more. Education develops first of all our ability to want things, and after that the earning power that enables us to have them; and the wider and deeper you push the educative process, the wider and deeper become your wants. The illustration may be thought paradoxical, but I venture to assert that if a railroad or a mill corporation were to endow a chair of mathematics or history or modern languages in any state university, it could be morally certain that when those departments had got fully in contact with the people of the state, the stimulus to the intellectual and social life of the community would repay that endowment, over and over again, in more freight to haul, more passengers to carry, more goods to sell. If we desire to have industrial efficiency, social advancement, widely diffused wealth and prosperity, and pervading happiness and peace growing and strengthening constantly among us, the doors of our schools,

from the kindergarten to the university, must continue to be held wide open and the feast generously spread for all who will come.

One passes naturally, in any discussion of higher education, to a consideration of the higher aspects of politics; for the great aim of education, so far as the state is concerned, is the improvement of citizenship. How earnestly we need in the United States to-day a higher standard of citizenship, a keener sense of civic responsibility, a more scrupulous regard for common honesty and intelligence in everyday politics, is only too well known. It is the crying need of our time. Party issues come and go; they have their day and cease to be; times change, and we change with them. The controversies of the fathers are rarely the controversies of the sons, for we move ever onward into a new age. But the need of wisdom and knowledge and judgment, of trained powers of mind and disciplined strength of will, becomes only the greater as the problems of social life increase in complexity and range.

I am profoundly glad that in so many of our states of the Union, the people are not only attacking this problem at its foundation, by building up a complete and well-rounded system of public education, but that they are also doing this for themselves and through their own resources. I am one of those who believe that the surest road to good citizenship is through public state education, joined with the largest control of each state over its own affairs consistent with the safety and efficiency of the Republic. With loyalty, as sincere as it is profound, to my native land, with pride in its achievements and faith in its future, and with respect for all who, in sincerity and devotion, administer its affairs, I nevertheless deprecate the encroachment of the Federal Government upon what I believe to be the constitutional rights of the states and of the people. I cannot but think that such startling enlargement of the sphere of federal powers as is being witnessed in our day, however apparently beneficent its immediate results, must not only work a serious impairment of some of our most precious constitutional guarantees, but also, by lessening the feeling of state responsibility for the welfare of its people, lower the quality

and tone of our citizenship. Yet we may as well look the situation squarely in the face, and admit, as we must admit, that the expansion of federal authority will go on unless the states show themselves willing, as well as able, to deal effectively with all questions constitutionally within their domain, and vigorously withstand every unwarranted invasion of their rights.

The American university is no dead or fossilized structure, but a living organism with vigorous circulation, hard and well-trained muscles, sensitive nerves, healthy digestion, and unlimited capacity, if you feed it well, for work and public service. However tenacious it may be of what seems good in the past, its aim is to do the work of the present and the future. It never attains a perfect method of teaching, because methods are always changing; but it knows the sincerity of its purpose and the indispensableness of its service. The great demand of our time, in public as in private life, is for an education at once sound, thorough, fearless, in touch with reality, a preparation for life as life really is. Not merely, let me remark, for an education which is "practical" in the sense of giving more direct preparation for breadwinning, though that is a legitimate part of it; but practical in the sense of economical of time and effort, sound in method and content, balanced and sane in its proportions, inspiring and liberalizing in its tone. The community does not live solely that it may make a university better; but a university lives that it may make the community better.

To the pursuit, not of a distant or impossible ideal, but of an ideal attainable in very truth here and now, let us, then, devote ourselves. To receive freely all the sons and daughters of the State, however variously endowed, who can profit by its teaching; to give to all who come sound knowledge and vigorous discipline, whatever their ultimate aim in life; to inculcate the virtues of manliness and womanliness, the spirit of civic righteousness and public service, and belief in the supreme importance of ideals; to make its students love their home, their State, their country, to serve and cherish them faithfully all their days, and, if need be, to die for them; and then to send

its sons and daughters forth, armed and equipped, to labor and achieve in the field of the world: such is the mission of the state university. It is a large task and a hard, but only through the doing of it can the reign of law, the dominion of trained minds, and the beneficent sway of high impulses and exacting tastes be established and maintained. To the realization of this ideal let us pledge, as our fathers pledged in the great struggle for independence, our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

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## THE DRAMA OF PAUL HERVIEU

In the *Revue de Paris*, April 1st, 1900, there appeared an article entitled *Pessimisme et Comédie*, by Paul Hervieu, in which he analyses the tendency that the drama was taking at the time. In his essay the author comments on the change which had crept into plays, and discusses the transfer of idea which enables a playwright to refer to a production of the saddest type, such as *la Dame aux Camélias* or *les Corbeaux*, as a comedy. The position which Hervieu takes is that a moral lesson may be much more pedagogic if vice is not punished and virtue is not rewarded conspicuously at the conclusion of the performance, and he argues for this as artist. In the manner of play most common among us, if an audience sees a happy reconciliation of all contending parties at the end, it will be tempted to believe that one need not trouble about worries and dangers, that all comes out satisfactorily in the end, that some one will turn up to settle the difficulty, punish the villain, marry the deserving lovers, and straighten out all complications. Moreover, if a play ends by one or more deaths to relieve an impossible situation, there arises a tendency to regard the death of others as a great relief, to be longed for and applauded, and if we are annoyed by some good Christian, possibly there is a temptation to think that we are justified in wishing him to be quietly removed. The death of others thus becomes a benignant solution of our problem.

In the other type of play, which, according to Hervieu, presents a more accurate observance of life, the audience is taught self-control, human resignation, not a blood-thirsty triumph, inasmuch as we see human beings brought into possible and probable relations; we see their struggles, their trials, their blind decisions, and we leave them still regulating their existences as best they can, each according to his light, showing by their attempts and failures that the human animal is far from perfect, both materially and morally, and that indulgence is meet for all. Quarrel — love — be happy — suffer — know hate and pardon — be born again to happiness — know suffering

again — hope on forever — and believe constantly in the morrow; such is the series of mental pictures to be drawn from the theatre at the moment when Hervieu writes. The question rises naturally, Is this optimism or pessimism, or perhaps neither one nor the other, merely a resignation, an acceptance of the *status quo*?

The play which has exercised the greatest influence over modern French dramatists is *les Corbeaux*, by Henri Becque, played in 1882. This author apprehended that one could be very miserable in life and yet live on, and that this truth should hold for the mimic existence of the theatre as well as for actual life; so from this revelation he wrote *les Corbeaux*. The play concludes with a wedding, to be sure, but with a wedding that is a catastrophe. A lovely, generous-minded girl is married by her own free will to an old miser, and the play is called a comedy. I must add that there is a death in the action of the play, but it is merely the incident needed to set the inexorable wheels of Fate in motion. Its office is to set the key for the composition that follows. The play is classic in this respect, like the play of *Julius Cæsar*, where the spirit of the hero dominates the tragedy throughout, though he is assassinated at the beginning of the third act. In *les Corbeaux*, the father of the family dies, leaving his affairs in great confusion, and from the beginning to the end of the drama we see the widow and orphans struggling in the clutches of the various greedy and dishonest wretches, *les corbeaux*, who hope to get, each, his craw full from the estate of the deceased.

In speaking of this play, Paul Hervieu claims that it is a modern tragedy, in every sense of the word. It is characterized by unity of time, place, and action. There is an underlining of the idea *fatality* in the ancient acceptance of the word, and there is also evidently a desire to present a moral to instruct the public. The general æsthetics which lie behind this second manner of Henri Becque is a return to the classic. He uses few characters, and these he shows to be directed by a destiny that is beyond human control or ken. He shows us the struggle for existence in modern circumstances, and presents the fatal issue when those concerned are careless, imprudent,

or temperamental. His solutions are never conclusive. The curtain merely falls between us and the stage, and we are left to speculate as to the ultimate condition of these men. He makes no use of death as a key to the riddle. If his characters get in one another's way as in life, he makes no effort to relieve the tension. Let them solve their own puzzles, as in *la Parisienne*, where the curtain rises on a *ménage à trois*, and at the close of the play it descends on the same combination exactly. For the comparison, note that in *Froufrou* and other plays of that type, the heroine *always* dies as a retribution, which *always* procures a certain virtuous feeling for the audience. Hervieu declares that this is not pessimism, for pessimism teaches despair, whereas, the lesson of the theatre at the present time is to face the situation in which, by no conscious fault of your own, you have been placed, and to hope for the future. The most distinguished disciple of Henri Becque is Paul Hervieu, and in his more important dramas it is possible to see these same general principles. In 1892, when the first drama by Paul Hervieu was performed, *les Paroles Restent*, this author was already known as a writer of stories and novels: *les Yeux verts et les Yeux bleus*, *l'Inconnu*, *Flirt*, *Peints par eux-mêmes*. In all of these were shown originality and independence in subject and treatment. His motto might have been: avoid the commonplace, but accuracy in presentation or interpretation is indispensable. To show his taste and treatment, I will speak briefly of *Peints par eux-mêmes* and *l'Armature* which are the acme of hard cold realism, to be distinguished in this somewhat from the earlier manner of *les Yeux verts et les Yeux bleus*, *l'Inconnu*, and *l'Exorcisée*, where we see the author threshing through various subjects and styles to select his proper medium. In the tales last mentioned, Hervieu interests himself in the pathology of nervous and morbid conditions, especially insanity. What is it? Who is mad? How odd can one be without being properly speaking unbalanced? Is it not an over-sensitiveness to impressions, an endowment which enables some to approach and weigh relations or dissimilarities in things to an excess of which others are incapable, fortunately or unfortunately? In *les Yeux verts et les Yeux bleus*, and in *l'Alpe homicide* is to be

seen the same desire to avoid the commonplace, to investigate some extraordinary condition, to detect the unknown, the surprises in life, that lie so close around us sleeping and waking. It is the same shiver that passed through literature in the 50's, and that we hold to-day precipitated in the work of Hoffman, in Edgar Allan Poe, in Baudelaire, in L'Isle Adam, and his *Tribulat Bonhommet*. This was a mere trial heat, however, and Hervieu gave his measure in *Peints par eux-mêmes*, where he gives evidence of qualities which were only suspected before.

His previous work showed dislike of the commonplace, a power of psychology, and a curiosity about extraordinary conditions and relations expressed in an individual and realistic manner. With *Peints par eux-mêmes*, Hervieu shows brilliantly his mastery of psychological analysis and his power to present in a cold hard realism mean motives, low standards, a venal morality, and a colossal egotism that characterize a certain restricted society in the French or any other capital, for that matter. The players are a painter of portraits, a man of letters, an enormously rich jew, a banker with a marriageable daughter, a married pair, M. and Mme. Vanaut de Floches, who are working desperately to get into the choicest circles, and M. and Mme. de Trémur, the last mentioned being the *grande amoureuse*. These people limn themselves in their letters, where Hervieu gives the peculiarities of style pointing the temperament of each. The subject is the love of Mme. de Trémur for M. de Hinglé, which, however, is almost hidden by the struggles of all the characters, each after his special ambition. As the story is written in the first person, according as one or the other takes the pen, we have an unvarnished presentation of all the pettiness and much of the depravity of which human nature is capable. The book ends with the suicide of Hinglé, who has been detected cheating at cards, and the suicide of Mme. de Trémur who will not survive the beloved object. But in this fashionable world appearances are kept up always. Nobody imagines that Mme. de Trémur has killed herself for love of Hinglé. It is referred to as an overdose of morphine, which adds the grim touch that Hervieu delights in. The subject of the tale is love, and the various

kindred sentiments that masquerade more or less under this title. There is no glamor throw over any relations. There is no solution offered for any situation, each incident comes as the inevitable result of some preceding act. Fatality hangs heavily over all, and the world moves on, around and over these puppets both before and after their brief act.

Hervieu regards love as a momentary flash in the pan, an aside. The main lever of modern society is money, and the getting of money will absorb all other considerations. Such is the second step in Hervieu's development of subject which is presented in *l'Armature*. The thesis is this: to support the family, to restrain your neighbors, to furnish this admirable society of ours the appearance with which we are familiar, there is a mutual support of metal which means money. This is more or less concealed, usually quite invisible, but under stress it prevents disruption in the face of unforeseen tempests or the wrench of suspicion, when sentiment is torn to shreds and disappears, and duty and high-sounding principles shiver. This metal support remains steadfast to preserve scrupulously the shape and appearance of our fireside, and to make the repairs which we have to put at times on our street-front. Hervieu shows this condition by a simple and convincing logic. A common interest holds together what the shocks of passion had almost riven asunder, and existence continues inevitably, existence which had been disturbed only momentarily by an explosion of human nature.

This shows Hervieu a moralist, and in a sense a pessimist, though not as he understands the expression. This attitude comes out more clearly in his drama, which evolves naturally out of his earlier work. In his plays, Hervieu almost always has a thesis to prove,—and by almost, I mean in his more serious work. His first appearance as playwright was in *les Paroles Restent*, (1892), in which Hervieu shows the awful results that can spring from words uttered maliciously or thoughtlessly. As a play, it is not on a par with his later work, nor is it as representative, so I pass it over with no further comment.

The second play is *les Tenailles*, presented in 1895 at the



Comédie Française. In this the author gives his measure, and treats a matter that evidently preoccupies him. Question: shall a woman be held in marriage by laws that allow man his liberty? Is she not justified in combatting force with deceit? The plot is not intricate. There are two sisters, Pauline and Irene, married both, Pauline tolerably, Irene intolerably. Not that Irene can cite any special flagrant act of her husband that she can complain of. She says simply that his attitude is so arrogant, so tyrannical, that ten years of married life have not taught her the resignation of her sister, but despair. She does not ask for pleasure, but simply happiness. *Le mari n'est rien que mon maître absolu. Il y a toujours quelqu'un qui avait tort et lui qui avait raison*, this because he had settled down to a dull acceptance of facts as they existed, and did not want to be disturbed. Irene protested against this, and Michel, the *raisonneur*, declares that the *mariage de convenance* is bound to disappear, that selection in marriage is a grand privilege of Nature, who will assert herself in time, to confirm certain marriages, and to remarry elsewhere, without benefit of clergy, those of her children that are unhappily mated.

Religion cannot aid a woman tied to a man that she loathes, so Irene demands divorce, which her husband flatly refuses. He proposes to defend right and morality. She represents revolt against society; he has conformed to the marriage contract in every respect, and does she ask him to become divorced and lose the position that he holds in the community! No! He will take advantage of his rights, and hold her to her duty and his side. She cannot divorce without consent, and if she runs away, he will send the police after her and have her brought back. To prove equally his power and his indifference to her wishes, he forces her to leave Paris and live in a country house with him. She has a child shortly afterwards, and occupies herself with its training and care. After ten years, the husband states that it is time for the boy to go to school. The mother revolts, and declares that it shall never be, as the boy is not robust, and only her constant oversight has given him the strength to live. He invokes the law again. The wife becomes violent, cries that nothing shall tear her baby from

her, and in a final climax throws in his face that he has no interest nor part in the child as he is not its father. The man makes a wild demonstration, exclaims: *vous ne trouvez pas abominable que le fils de votre amant soit mon fils et doive toujours être mon fils?* Irene answers with a sneer "Who is it says so? Your law. The same that said that in spite of myself, in spite of everything, I must remain your wife. Each of us fights with his own weapons. You used all your strength; I used my weakness." The husband claims divorce, which she refuses absolutely. Never will she be cast adrift now. She will not change her life, she will remain where she is, as she is, because it suits her convenience. He protests bitterly against his false position. What life, what existence can he lead now! She answers him, logical, hard, bitter, inevitable: "the same that you have forced me to lead till to-day. We are riven to the same chain. It is your turn to feel its weight and help carry it. I am tired of dragging it alone." The final comment of the play is strongly characteristic of Hervieu's philosophy: *Nous sommes deux malheureux. Au fond du malheur il n'y a que des égaux.*

In *la Loi de l'homme*, Hervieu shows a woman protesting against the injustice of men in her helplessness before the law. Divorce is permitted as a relief for man, but woman cannot obtain this help when she has been unhappily married, except with the consent of her husband. The heroine Laure, is a charming, intelligent woman, who was married, principally through the aid of a large dowry, to the Count de Raguais. She finds that he is carrying on an intrigue with Mme. d'Orcieu, one of her acquaintances. She discovers the place of clandestine meeting, and filled with loathing for her husband, tries to obtain evidence for a divorce. The law refuses to interfere at her request. She learns that the law will help the husband if it is the wife that is unfaithful, but not the wife when the case is reversed. As the officer says: *C'est aux épouses à se débrouiller.* The only course open to the outraged wife is to demand a separation, which she does, and to which the faithless husband consents, allowing her a meagre income out of her own property, as he controls her dowry, and needs most of it

himself. He insists that he is no worse than most men, and that it would be wiser for her to continue outwardly the *ménage*, as so many other families succeed in doing, even when there is more reason to blame,—that is, where the wife is unfaithful. Laure takes this remark as the quintessence of masculine egotism. Are not all sexes one in a question of this kind, and is there any real difference in standard! She demands the care of their daughter, and leaves her husband. The next act is five years later when Laure comes to the seashore to meet her daughter who is with her father for a month, a yearly visit, as arranged at the time of the separation. Laure is already concerned about a husband for her daughter, Isabelle, and refers bitterly to the conditions under which she was married, turned over helpless, having ignorantly signed away her property to a man much her senior, who was in need of funds. She protests against the injustice of the proceeding. But, says her friend, in most cases, in spite of all their rights, their wives lead them by the nose, to which Laure replies, "*C'est le triste rôle des opprimés, duper le maître, ou le corrompre.*"

At this point the Count de Raguais drives over to call on the Kerbels, who have remained mutual friends of both husband and wife, bringing with him his daughter, Isabelle, the Count and Countess d'Orcieu, and their son, André. The young d'Orcieu has fallen in love with Isabelle, and she has agreed secretly to marry him, with the consent, however, of her father and of her mother. An interview follows between mother and daughter, in which the mother refuses to countenance the match. The Countess d'Orcieu formerly took away her husband, shall she take her daughter, as well! So she tells Isabelle that it must not be. The Count de Raguais enters and tells his former wife that it shall be, as he has no need of her consent, for the law does not require it. Driven to bay, Laure tells her daughter that the Countess d'Orcieu was her husband's mistress. Isabelle promises to yield all thought of the marriage, and Laure leaves the young people together for a last farewell. Nature is too strong for the young girl, who promises André that she will marry him and no other. On

learning this, in order to snatch her cherished daughter from the enemy, Laure, in an intensely dramatic scene informs the Count d'Orcieu that her husband and his wife have made common cause, and she refuses her daughter for his son. At first d'Orcieu is stunned, horrified, frenzied with rage, but the thought of the innocent children restrains him. They must be guarded, protected, and the marriage must take place, as a thing politic, to assure the position of all before the world. Not only that, but there must be an appearance of reconciliation at least, between Laure and M. de Raguais: *Nous sommes réduits à nous cacher derrière des apparences*. D'Orcieu insists stonily on this, because the reëstablishment of their previous relations means the respectability of his *ménage*. He explains that either Laure returns to her husband, the children marry, and nothing is known of the tragedy, or Laure refuses, the marriage is broken off, and d'Orcieu turns his wife into the street. For love of her daughter, Isabelle, Laure consents to the former solution, and the play concludes with the appearance of the young people timidly in the background, while d'Orcieu remarks: "*Qui sait si ce n'est pas encore avoir un avenir que d'avoir à tâcher d'oublier* (pointing to the young people). *Notre autre vie, la voici déjà.*"

The next play of Hervieu is *la Course du Flambeau*. There is a great natural law at the basis of this drama: that maternal love is elemental, instinctive, irresistible; that filial love is conventional and cultivated. The law of existence demands flesh of the flesh of the mother, her beauty, her health, her life for the one to follow. She suffers expense, labor, anxiety to prepare and fit out those who are moving on towards the future. This debt is discharged by children begetting yet other children in their turn. Nature herself is a bad daughter but a good mother. There is no command in the decalogue to mothers to love their offspring, for they need none. By instinct they care for their young. Filial gratitude is a cultivated virtue. The chief character in this play, a woman, Sabine, sacrifices her happiness for her child, and is willing to give her money to keep the son-in-law in funds, but the grandmother has the frugality of all old people, and insists on hang-

ing on to her investments. Sabine even steals her mother's securities, and tries to sell them, but is discovered and thwarted. As a conclusion, she takes her daughter to St. Moritz for her health and allows her old mother to accompany them, though the physicians have explained that the high altitude would be bad for the old lady's heart. Sabine keeps back this information, for she wants her mother's money for her daughter, and as a result the grandmother dies. The daughter departs with her husband for America, leaving Sabine deserted, a monument to filial ingratitude and maternal sacrifice.

Another play produced two years later is equally strong and equally moral. The title is *le Dédale*, and the moral is that if a married pair have been blessed with a child, absolute divorce is impossible, the tie of flesh holds them together too tightly for any earthly circumstance to sever. The religious argument is furnished by Mme. Vilard-Duval, the mother, who says: where marriage is contracted before God, it endures till the last breath of the contracting parties. She tells her daughter, who has divorced her husband for infidelity: "the husband whom you had is not dead, therefore you may not re-marry, my religion forbids it." This warning, however, does not affect the young woman, who is supported in her independence, by her father, a magistrate. She says that she must live her own life, that the world owes her happiness, and she marries again, a worthy, uninteresting man who idolizes her. With her second marriage arises the question, whose is the child that she had by her first husband? The father claims it, and after a poignant interview with the former wife, an arrangement is made whereby the child goes to spend three weeks with his father. There, the boy is taken down with diphtheria. The mother is sent for, and hurries off in mad haste to the bedside of her son, whom she nurses till all danger is over. She then prepares to leave, but her first husband insists on an explanation, he must gain her pardon. On learning, by chance, that she is to slip away without the interview which she dreaded, he forces himself into her presence late at night. He threshes out their former misunderstanding in the same room, as it happened, where they had passed the first hours of their married life.



She succumbs to the power of his charm, and her own recollections. After this she refuses to return to her legal husband, and takes refuge with her father and mother. The mother is triumphant saying: "There has always been an indissoluble tie between you and M. de Pogis. In my soul and conscience you have had no other husband than him from whom you took your wedding-ring at the foot of the altar." The love of her child alone keeps the heroine from committing suicide. Hervieu removes the two men by a grapple on the edge of a precipice, and we leave the young mother to devote her broken life to the education of her son. Here is the kernel of the moral: *Mari et femme, ce n'est pas être mariés, cela n'empêche point les divergences, les antipathies, les révoltes, ni hélas! les trahisons! Mais père et mère, on est prodigieusement identiques et unis et sans attache appréciable avec le reste du monde; On n'est que ces deux là sur terre à pouvoir ne faire qu'un."*

Hervieu's last play dates from March, 1909, and is another moral lesson. It is contained in essence in the dry maxim of the great French moralist: *Nous avons tous assez de force pour supporter les maux d'autrui.* The title is *Connais-toi*, and it was given at the Français with Le Bargy and Mme. Bartet in the leading rôles. The problem is double; first — can a woman be forgiven her first infidelity? Answer: no. Second — can circumstances alter cases? Decidedly, which naturally invalidates the first conclusion. General de Sibéran, having detected Mme. Doncières, the wife of a friend, in a *rendez-vous* with her lover, apparently Pavail, urges Doncières, the husband, to get a divorce, and force the lover to marry the *divorcée*. Sibéran refuses to allow any further intiamcy between the erring spouse and his own family. *Mon opinion, c'est que pour amnistier une telle frasque de sa compagne, il faut avoir une atrophie dans les fiertés mêmes de l'instinct. Il n'y a plus de dignité dans le mariage, l'existence commune n'est plus possible lorsqu'on doit s'y avouer, se représenter que l'épouse a été tenue par les bras d'un autre. Si tu n'arrivais pas à partager mes idées là-dessus, je n'aperçois pas comment je pourrais te conserver estime et amitié,* Pavail, accused by General de Sibéran of seducing Anna Doncières,

accepts the reproach; accused by Clarisse, the young wife of the elderly General, he explains that he had lent his apartment to Jean de Sibéran son of the General, and seizing his opportunity, confesses his love for Clarisse. She demands that he ask to be transferred to Tonkin, and he accepts her decision. Anna explains to Clarisse that her infidelity was not premeditated, it was a *crise de nerfs*, a brain storm, *la force d'une volonté mâle, un magnétisme*. Jean returns, and tells his father that he was the guilty man. The General is greatly grieved, and explains the gravity of the situation. Doncières will divorce. "Then," says Jean, "I marry Anna." Sibéran refuses to consider this solution, but Jean is obstinate. Clarisse advises her husband to persuade Doncières to relinquish his divorce proceedings and take back his wife. The General feels very differently now that it turns out to be his own son that is affected by his action. *Ne soutenez donc plus qu'il n'y a que des principes. Il y a aussi les questions de personnes; il y a les sentiments, l'instinct, l'imprévu*. Clarisse and Pavail have an interview, and at the close, he seizes her in his arms and embraces her. General de Sibéran enters unexpectedly. Clarisse speaks plainly to the old martinet, and lays bare his past treatment of her, a young, affectionate, enthusiastic nature. She complains of the training that he has forced her to undergo: *Le dressage est votre sport favori. Vous avez voulu dresser mes allures, mes raisonnements, mes convictions, mon naturel. On dresse à tout peut-être sauf à aimer. . . .*

*Il y a des énergies qu'on ne trouve que dans la tempête et le naufrage. Pour savoir se revolter, il faut avoir dans l'âme autre chose que de la vertu. J'ignore quel nom donner aux forces qui m'animent en ce moment. Ça ne peut pas être encore du véritable amour pour un autre, ce n'est déjà plus de la rancune contre vous. C'est toute une vitalité en moi qui remonte au jour. C'est l'instinct de vivre réellement ma part de vie. C'est la soif de respirer, enfin la quantité qui me revient. C'est un souffle de résurrection.* She demands the happiness which is her due. The General is willing to make all manner of concession if she will only remain a part of his life. Doncières returns from Paris ready for his divorce, and is persuaded to take back his

wife. He goes off the stage to find Anna, and Sibéran makes this remark, referring to his friend Doncières: *Hier je l'aurais jugé grotesque et abject. Je me connaissais moins.* Clarrise answers: *Qui se connaît !*

One may not know one's self, but Hervieu has analyzed others minutely and his results are not flattering for his kind. The cases which he has chosen for presentation are of course isolated, occurring in life at intervals, if at all, and selected because they suit his dramatic purpose. Yet as he epitomizes his many deductions in these, we may be allowed to make certain inferences from his characters. Hervieu is a *moralist*; he is a *pessimist*, yet by pessimist is not meant the deplorable turn of mind that was characteristic of some years since, developed out of Schopenhauer. We must build on the lives that are reaching forward, not on those that reach back.

Hervieu's woman is intelligent, beautiful, fascinating, conscientious, sensuous, dominated by man, and usually unjustly. Her grand quality is her maternal instinct, and her most conspicuous trait is a cry for independence, a claim for a life and happiness of her own, not an existence that is merged in that of a husband. Woman has a great charm for Hervieu, and his best work is devoted to her interests and rights.

Man is a sorry animal; fickle, extravagant, unjust, fascinating, everything that is expressed by the Don Juan type. On the other hand, Hervieu conceives of a foil to this irresistible creature; a stupid, kind, indulgent, affectionate being. A man is always in love, and above all selfish. In *l'Enigme* Hervieu discusses the question of unfaithfulness in marriage from the enlightened standpoint of modern times. He exclaims against the brutality of the usual method of vindicating wounded honor, and insists that an individual may not take another's life for *any* reason. Whoever arrogates this prerogative to himself is doubly criminal, primeval, is male and female, not man and woman. Is it possible that human nature may not be trained and polished beyond a certain point, and under sufficient pressure will always become the beast!

Human nature may be well-meaning, aspiring, truthful, intrinsically moral, but is nevertheless ravaged by bursts of

passion which upset calculation, and reduce all relative logic to probability. There is a broad logic of events which is above all human power of inference and calculation. To this, man and woman, two beings, independent, self-reliant, co-workers, must submit without complaint, which would be useless, accepting their destiny with head held high, eyes dry, without flinching. Hervieu takes the tragic element which is in solution in all human life, but in most cases never suspected, and concentrates this in his dramatic crucible.

It is this revelation of human life and accident in its relentless evolution that arrests the attention and recalls the controlling motive of the classic tragedy—fatality. Especially in *le Dédale* does Brunetière call attention to the characteristic features of the construction. The *dramatis personæ* are few, swept onward by their passion which passes beyond their control, and yet they are conscious of the moral and objective value of their acts. *Ce sont des volontés qui s'analysent en s'exprimant. Des personnages qui se connaissent en agissant, et qui se jugent en succombant.* The third act of this play, however, turns to melodrama, where the two rivals lock in a deadly embrace, and after a struggle fall over a precipice to the water below.

If modern prose tragedy is possible, if it means moral study, rapidity of action, severity of dialogue, realistic simplicity of treatment, and stern logic of fatality, then Hervieu has undoubtedly approached nearer this end than any other dramatist of the present time. When, however, we consider the possibility of such dramatic work becoming definitely a part of a national literature, we hesitate to give an unqualified assent. Arnold Daly has been presenting *Know Thyself* in a translation from Hervieu, and after attending the performance one comes away convinced that such a play has no part or parcel with the thought or life of the Anglo-Saxon, for it expresses no habit or call of his nature. It is a foreign growth and will remain so.

As a presentation of French conditions, Hervieu gives situations, in many cases dramatic, which, as such, compel interest, but the theses advanced and powerfully supported are, on the one hand, due to the caprices and contradictions of the

French Criminal Code, which means a merely temporal aspect of whatever question is advanced; or on the other hand, are extraordinary crises in some human life, which would not be representative of the existence of the French people as a whole. There is genius in the work, but it has not yet struck the deep note which finds an echo in the breast of all humanity.

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## CHRISTIAN REID

From Notre Dame, Indiana, on Lætare Sunday, March 20, 1909, there came the announcement that the University of Notre Dame, which annually confers the Lætare Medal on some lay member of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States for distinguished service in art, literature, science, or philanthropy, would this year confer this honor upon Frances Christine Fisher Tiernan, known to the literary world under the pen-name of "Christian Reid." Beginning with 1883, when the Lætare Medal was first awarded, it has been conferred in succession upon John Gilmary Shea, historian; Patrick J. Keeley, architect; Eliza Allen Starr, author and critic; General John Newton, soldier and scientist; Partick V. Hickey, editor; Anna Hanson Dorsey, author; William J. Onahan, publicist; Daniel Dougherty, orator and publicist; Major Henry F. Brownson, soldier and scholar; Patrick Donahoe, publicist and philanthropist; Augustin Daly, theatrical manager; Anna T. Sadler, author; General William S. Rosecrans, soldier; Hon. Richard C. Kerans, philanthropist; Mr. Thomas Addis Emmet, author and scientist; Hon. Timothy E. Howard, jurist; John A. Creighton, philanthropist; Hon. William Bourke Cockran, orator and statesman; Dr. John B. Murphy, surgeon; Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte, jurist and statesman; Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, philanthropist; Dr. Francis Quinlan, surgeon; Katherine Eleanor Conway, author and editor; James C. Monaghan, publicist and educator. The award in 1909 to Mrs. Tiernan for the first time brings the Lætare Medal to the South, and in so doing, makes North Carolina doubly aware and doubly proud of the distinguished novelist whose work spans the wide space of almost four decades.

There exists no more striking commentary alike upon the modesty of Southern talent and upon its usual portion of local neglect than is furnished by the career of the novelist, Christian Reid. Though the author of some thirty novels and numerous short stories, she is so indifferent to "popular" success

that only with difficulty is she ever induced to speak of her literary career; and her portrait was recently published for the first time. No account of her life and career in the least trustworthy has ever been published. In this day of blatant self-puffery, the discovery of a writer of the strongest sense of the sanctity of personality and private life is a most refreshing rarity. Christian Reid's admirers in Salisbury, North Carolina, have paid her the tribute of founding the Christian Reid Book Club, which has been in existence for a decade.

To-day Mrs. Frances Christine Tiernan—to give her the name by which she is known in social intercourse—lives with her aunt, Miss Christine Fisher, in a graceful and dignified seclusion upon Salisbury's most beautiful street, Fulton. In appearance Mrs. Tiernan is distinguished and aristocratic, with fine eyes and delicately chiseled features, and her home bears all the marks of a régime of classic courtesy and culture. The memorials of the Confederacy and of her gallant father which adorn the walls; the books and magazines which fill the study; and the Roman Catholic Chapel which stands at the northeast corner of the yard, epitomize the profound and absorbing interests of her life. For she is a devout and zealous Roman Catholic, and her fidelity to the Lost Cause has led her to proclaim her faith in that cause, even from a public platform. Moreover, her devotion to letters demonstrates that she has lived in two worlds—the past and the present South; and her literary interests have been wide enough to include poetry, drama, travel-notes, and fiction.

Frances Christine Fisher was born in Salisbury, North Carolina, on July 5, 1846. A child of unusual imaginative precocity, she showed in her earliest youth a determination at once amusing and inspiring to realize her fancies. As a child of three or four, before she had learned to form her letters, she would spin out long tales of fanciful invention, which she persuaded, one might almost say compelled, her aunt to transcribe. Her inclination to express her fancies in written form continued to grow upon her, in spite of the discouragement she met with on every hand. From time to time she wrote stories for the delectation of herself and the other members of her

family; but it was not until the end of the war, when the family found itself without a head, and practically without fortune, that she conceived the idea of putting her talents to a profitable account. Her placid announcement, "I shall write a novel," was greeted with amused skepticism by the other members of the family. The publication of *Valerie Aylmer* in 1870 was the beginning of her literary career.

In choosing her pen-name, Christian Reid was actuated by a desire to find a name which would be simple and applicable to either man or woman. Christian is one of the forms of Christine, and Reid suggested itself as at once brief, good, and unpretentious.

Christian Reid's career as a woman of letters falls quite naturally into three distinct divisions, revealing not so much a progressive evolution in talent, as the influential impress upon her art of certain events in her life. Those works which have been most effectively successful, or which evince the greatest refinement of art, stand out, not so much as the flowering of any distinctive artistic purpose progressively evolutionary, but rather as distinct achievements, noteworthy in themselves quite aside from their relation to her other works.

The first period of Christian Reid's literary activities comprises the decade from 1869 to 1879. Most notable of the works of this period are the novels, *Morton House* (1871), *A Daughter of Bohemia* (1874), and *A Question of Honor* (1875); and the short travel-sketch, superficially cast in narrative form, *The Land of the Sky* (1876).

It is not without its peculiar significance that the year 1870, which marks the synchronous birth of the new industrial movement and the new literary movement in the South, found Christian Reid at work upon her first novel, *Valerie Aylmer*. She had passed through the economic and social "valley of the shadow of death" in the South, and in letters she sought some relief from the ceaseless pressure of the struggle for material existence. *Valerie Aylmer* was an instant success, and enjoyed a considerable sale, judged by the standards of that day. Needless to say, it was faulty and immature; yet it possessed the inalienable charm of interest, and exhibited the "continual

slight novelty" which is the sign-manual of romance. Together with most of the other stories of this early period, it is chiefly of interest for its portrayal of then prevailing standards of life and conduct in the South, as reflected through the temperament of a very impressionable, romantic, not to say sentimental, young lady of distinguished birth and breeding. This was a period in the South's history, one may perhaps infer, when lovers were ready to sacrifice everything—even love itself—to fine-spun scruples of honor and the unyielding demands of personal pride; when heroines were alternately haughty and melting, defiant and larmoyant, self-centred and self-sacrificing; when heroes always smoked "fragrant Havana cigars which exhaled a delicious aroma," were beau-ideals of physical manhood, and stormed the heights of love with all the *élan* of actualized Cyranos; when life itself was cast in a more heroic mould than now, and chivalry had not yet been done to death by the brutal hand of commercialism. The title of the most natural and verisimilar study of post-bellum life in this group, *A Question of Honor*, might well serve without alteration or distortion of sense, as the title of a great many of Christian Reid's earlier works. The finely-spun, yet in themselves highly self-oblivious scruples of Madeleine and Devereux are the subtle instruments by which their characters are ultimately revealed to each other, and in this way quite justify their existence through the end so legitimately accomplished. Treating of types and situations with which she is thoroughly familiar in her daily life, the novelist sustains the interest more by the sheer force of unassuming naturalness than by virtue of the plot; for aside from the question of honor the story is chiefly concerned with the incessant flirtations and frangible engagements of young people, naturally refined but rather provincial in tone. The saintly Madeleine, sadly lacking in any sense of humor, always gently but firmly critical, endures every disappointment and disillusionment with the most Christian fortitude. This type of heroine, capable of experiencing the profoundest emotions and continually called upon to do so, is the quintessential if not the invariant type found in the author's other works of this period. It is a mark of the author's devo-

tion to this gently ascetic ideal that she is almost cruel in delineation of characters cast in less heroic mould, who suffer from many of the prosaic faults and frailties that flesh is heir to.

Much the most brilliant novel of this period is *A Daughter of Bohemia*, rather melodramatic in plot, but inherently interesting through the compelling fascination of the recklessly, if excusably, Bohemian *belle demoiselle sans merci*. The plot is admirably ordered. We are plunged immediately *in medias res*, and the story appropriately ends with the death of the "beautiful blond villain"—who is simultaneously engaged to the two heroines—and the fitting reward of beauty and rather imprudent virtue. Perhaps the most solid and substantial novel of this period—a work of which the author once told me she felt no cause to be ashamed—is *Morton House*. For clarity in character-delineation, sustaining interest of story and strength of workmanship, *Morton House* is probably not excelled by any of Christian Reid's other works. But it lacks the pervasive appeal of *A Question of Honor*, the lively interest of *A Daughter of Bohemia*, and there is something of the wearied hunt for the wounded animal in the cumulative suffering of Katherine Tresham.

The most noteworthy book of Christian Reid's early years as a novelist, judged on the strength of its results, is the slight travel-sketch, entitled *The Land of the Sky*, which was published in 1876. In this book, read by hundreds of thousands of people, Christian Reid accomplished the most notable commemoration of a section of this country ever published in North Carolina; and I question whether any other work of so slight a character has ever been so influential in introducing a noble creation of God's handiwork to an unconscious world. This little book, originally appearing as a series of sketches in *Appleton's Journal*, is a perfect and accurate description of a trip through the mountains of western North Carolina; introducing among others such a well-known character as Tom Pence, the great stage-coach driver, who never had a mishap, though he always drove most recklessly when he was "three sheets in the wind." *The Land of the Sky* has made the wonderful moun-



tains of western North Carolina—the highest on this continent east of the Rockies—known throughout the entire United States; and to-day Asheville is the summer resort of the South most widely known in this country and on the continent of Europe. Christian Reid's book gave the beautiful aerial name to this section, and without exaggeration may be said to have pointed the way to that jewel in the circle of hills, the Sapphire Country; to Toxaway, and to Biltmore. This little book came in the days of the stage-coach, when Old Fort was the point of departure for a trip through the mountains, when, indeed, the region "beyond the gap" was something of a *terra incognita* to all save South Carolinians, perhaps. In this book Christian Reid, I have always felt, in some measure succeeded in doing for this section in the field of art what her father, Colonel Charles F. Fisher, as director of the Western North Carolina Railroad, succeeded in doing for it in railroad enterprise.

A distinct accession of power and increased mastery of style mark the works of Christian Reid's second period of literary activity, beginning after her return from Europe in 1880. *Heart of Steel* is a work approximating that of the standard English novelists, such as Anthony Trollope, in solidity of workmanship and concentration of purpose. Weak in its main thesis, revolving upon the rather hysterical prejudice of a most opinionated young girl, it is prolonged to too great length, reaching in the end less a *dénouement* than a mere conclusion. Yet the descriptions of Italy and the memories evoked by the living ghosts of the Eternal City reveal in full maturity the minute and a searching power of description first exhibited in *The Land of the Sky*. Other works of this period are *Armine*, *Roslyn's Fortune*, *The Child of Mary*, *Philip's Restitution*, and *Miss Churchill*. I have read *Miss Churchill* over many times in my life and have always felt that in it Christian Reid just escapes something like greatness. It is the old, old story of the tragic discovery when it is too late, the endless regret for "barren gain and bitter loss"—the lesson so beautifully embodied in her most representative poem, "If I had Known." From the standpoint of art, I have always

thought that there was something unjustifiable in the "providential intervention," this sudden gesture of the finger of Fate which robs the book of its essential coherence.

When, in 1887, Miss Frances Christine Fisher was married to Mr. James Marquis Tiernan, of Maryland, and settled in Mexico, where her husband had extensive mining interests, there began the third period in Christian Reid's career as a novelist. Perhaps, the story which, of all that she has ever written, contains more of the elements of general popularity and is at the same time most adequately written, is *The Picture of Las Cruces*, which had the distinction of being translated into French and appearing in one of the most admirable of French magazines, *L'Illustration*. The book is notable for the beauty of its envisagement of a wonderful semi-tropical land, the ideality of its poetic atmosphere, and the graceful art displayed in the comparison and juxtaposition of the fragile romance of Mexico with the hardy realism of America. I have before me now the letter of that distinguished French literary critic, Monsieur C. D. Varigny, who, after reading *The Picture of Las Cruces*, wrote to Christian Reid: "You have talent, imagination, a clever pen and the gift of observation. You write soberly, clearly, and your personages move lifelike in the mirror of your imagination. I do not doubt that you may conquer fame." The sequel to *The Picture of Las Cruces*, with a similar title *The Lady of Las Cruces*, like most sequels (as people always say!) is less a natural consequence of the former story, than a hazardous attempt to crown the story with a "happy" (and popular) ending—much as Mansfield sought to "popularize" *Monsieur Beaucaire* as a stage play by the marriage of Beaucaire and Lady Mary Carlisle! Other works of this period are: the travel-romance, *The Land of the Sun*, an interesting and realistic description of Mexico—that land of sunshine and flowers; *Carmela*, *Little Maid of Mexico*, *A Comedy of Elopement*, *A Woman of Fortune*, *Weighed in the Balance*, and *Carmen's Inheritance*. In addition, there are two novels which stand as memorials of Christian Reid's travels in beautiful, world-forgotten Santo Domingo. These are: *The Man of the Family*, which deals with the French end, and *The Chase of an*

*Heiress*, dealing with the Spanish end of the island. Although Christian Reid once assured me that it is of interest chiefly for its descriptions of Santo Domingo, I have always thought that she has written no more delightfully readable book, slight though it be, than *The Man of the Family*. Perhaps credulity is a trifle taxed by the successful preservation of the heroine's incognito in the rôle of a man; but this aids rather than hinders in the creation of a genuine romance (the refined prototype of many later and cruder stories, such as *Into the Primitive*) in which the escapes are none the less hair-breadth for all the restraint exhibited in the narration.

Christian Reid has written at least two dramas, and quite a number of poems. The war-drama, *Under the Southern Cross*, is a stirring picture of the South during the war between the States, and has been played to enthusiastic houses throughout the South. Its purport is to voice an impassioned presentation, fired by logic, of the views of the South upon the constitutional right of secession; in details it is a bright play with two heroes and two heroines — and the "Southern Beauty" does *not* marry the "Northern Conqueror" (*à la* Belasco, William Gillette, *et id omne genus*). The other play, entitled *Princess Nadine*, has appeared in print only as a novel. It was originally written as a play, which I was so fortunate as to hear read in manuscript just after it was written. The play was rewritten in collaboration with Mr. Victor Mapes, and gives promise of being ultimately produced by David Belasco. The novel has recently been distinguished by translation into Italian, and appears in a series of works by authors of such world-wide fame as Honoré de Balzac, George Sand, Paul Bourget, and René Bazin. Although concerning itself with a mediatized princeling and an unknown European principality with a euphonious name (after the manner of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, *The Princess Aline*, *The Puppet Crown*, and even *Graustark*), *Princess Nadine* was written first of all. I have read it several times, and always found it interesting and exciting. There is a sort of diamantine quality about the sharply-chiseled dialogue; the characters play at cross purposes with a madness akin to method; and the new surprise on every

page rushes one headlong to the finish. The Russian princess is half American — the daughter of a "Forty-Niner;" and the hero, a South American dictator, had for his father an American, who fought for the South in the war between the States. The duel of sex, the contest of the vigorously self-assertive South American with the *hauteur* of, and the hereditary divinity which hedges about, the princess, is sustained at high pitch throughout and against all obstacles. The most delightful and interesting character in the book, however, is neither the masterful dictator nor yet the all-too-faultless princess, but a pert, vivacious, and treacherous little American soubrette.

Christian Reid enjoys the distinction of being the most notable novelist North Carolina has ever produced, alike in the quality of her art and the volume of her achievement. Her most notable essays in fiction have been honored with translation into French and Italian. She is the first person of either sex, in the South, upon whom the Lætare Medal has been conferred. It is no banal truism to say of her art that it is preëminently lofty in tone and elevated in sentiment. The characteristic notes of her fictive art are purity of purpose and a delicacy of sentiment, which is the genuine flower of Southern civilization. She has always cherished the very strongest feeling for the responsibility of the written word. And in her classic speech in acceptance of the Lætare Medal, she said:

"As in everything human there is both a soul and a body, so we find the soul of art in its relation to the great law of ethics, and those who awarded this medal are well aware that there is no greater fallacy, no more destructive principle working in our time than the belief that art stands apart from ethics. Of nothing in our complex existence when we 'cannot stir a flower without troubling a star,' can that be said, and least of all of art.

"For the largeness of art depends upon its power of drawing into itself and giving expression to all the vital emotions of humanity, and the ethical emotion is not only one of these, but it is the most vital. When it is ignored or decried, the literature which is the result has, under whatever beauty of idea or form it may possess, the unmistakable note of decadence. There

is in it no uplifting power, no lesson to be learned that will help us in the struggle of life, but on the contrary an insidious, often an open teaching of bitterness, of futile revolt against the conditions which surround our existence. The writers who produce this literature are frequently described as realists, but their realism is as false as their philosophy, since that is no realism which paints only the darkest side of human life, which ignores the sunlight, and which is blind to the value of the lessons that may be learned from failure and suffering. Of one thing we may be distinctly sure, the art which declines to acknowledge a divine purpose as the key to the riddle of man's existence signs its own sentence of extinction. For looking back over the wide field of literature, of the best which man has thought and said in all languages, we find that nothing survives the destroying touch of time save that which is in harmony with the eternal verities."

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## VIRGINIA'S ATTITUDE TOWARD SLAVERY AND SECESSION \*

The author of this volume states in the preface that his design is to contribute to the information from which the future historian may write impartially the history of the War of Secession. He does not attempt to explain the causes that led the Cotton States to secede. True, he does briefly enumerate most, if not all, of the many and complex causes of the war. But he does not discuss them. Leaving to others the task of expounding the motives that led the other Southern States to secede, Mr. Munford limits himself to those actuating the citizens of his own State. And, even with respect to Virginia, he does not discuss all of them. But, practically ignoring all other questions, he confines himself to the solution of the following problems: Did Virginia secede because of a sordid determination to hold slaves and derive profit from their toil? Did Virginia secede because of wanton desire to destroy the Union? If not, what was the proximate cause of her secession?

In the first of the four parts into which the book is divided, Mr. Munford admits that among Virginians were men of widely divergent views, ultra-Secessionists and out-and-out Unionists, as well as men who asserted the right, while denying the expediency of secession; men who wished to make Virginia neutral territory between the warring sections, as well as men who wished to fight, indeed, for their rights, but within the Union and under the old flag; men who regarded slavery as a blessing for the blacks and essential to the safety of the whites, as well as men who considered it a curse for both races, and demanded its abolition. None of these elements, however, says the author, separately expressed the sentiments of the majority.

Only the returns from the ballot-box, the enactments of legislative and constitutional assemblies, and the utterances of the foremost leaders can be regarded as the true expression of the dominant element in Virginia; and Mr. Munford is led, by a con-

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\* *Virginia's Attitude Toward Slavery and Secession*, by Beverley B. Munford. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. 1909.

sideration of these returns, enactments, and utterances, to conclude not only that the majority of Virginians disliked slavery and hoped for its ultimate extinction, but also that they loved the Union and firmly clung to it until the government forcibly denied independence to the Cotton States and demanded of Virginia a body of troops to assist in their subjugation. Believing—as all Americans who seceded from Great Britain in 1776 believed—that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, Virginia sternly refused to take part in forcing upon sovereign States a government to which they did not consent, and sorrowfully, yet resolutely, took her stand “for the political and ethical principles which the flag symbolized, rather than for the flag itself.”

Part II, which is devoted to Virginia's attitude toward slavery is considerably the longest. Beginning with the colonial period, Mr. Munford points out that Virginia's repeated efforts to stop or restrict the importation of negroes, were vetoed by the King. He points out also that, even amid the storm and stress of the Revolution, her legislature found time, in 1778, to forbid and heavily penalize further importations, and quotes Professor Ballagh's statement that “Virginia thus had the honor of being the first political community in the civilized modern world to prohibit the pernicious traffic.” It was Virginia, too, that, after giving the Northwest Territory to the Union, confirmed the Ordinance of 1787 by which slavery was excluded from that vast domain. When the Constitution was framed, Virginia opposed, though in vain, the combined efforts of New England and the far South to secure the right to import Africans for twenty years longer. Among the early acts passed by the General Assembly of Virginia was one in 1782, authorizing slaveholders to emancipate their slaves either by deed or will, duly made and recorded, and another in 1788, making the crime of enslaving a child of free blacks punishable by death. Consequently, while there were less than 3,000 free negroes in Virginia at the close of the Revolution, the number increased to 13,000 in ten years, and reached 30,570 by the year 1810.

Here, says the author, “was a new problem”—the problem

of dealing with an ever-increasing number of freedmen of an inferior race, a problem so serious that the Legislature provided in 1806 that negroes freed thereafter must leave the State; just as Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois at various times prohibited the immigration of negroes into their borders. In spite, however, of the difficulties thus put in the way of emancipation, Virginians continued steadily to free their slaves. It has often been charged that, when the invention of the cotton gin in 1793 increased the demand for negro slaves, and the congressional prohibition of their importation after 1808 cut off a large portion of the supply, the price of negroes rose so high that, yielding to cupidity, Virginians ceased to work for emancipation and began breeding slaves for sale to the cotton planters of the South. Mr. Munford demonstrates, however, that so far from the hostility to slavery subsiding in Virginia after the two events alluded to, it grew steadily stronger for many years afterwards. Speaking in the Legislature of 1832, Thomas Jefferson Randolph deplored the fact that Thomas Jefferson had not lived "to see a majority of the House of Delegates in favor of abolition in the abstract;" and Charles James Faulkner, in the same great debate, expressing his gratification that *no single avowed advocate of slavery* had risen in that hall, declared that the day had gone by "when such a voice could be listened to with patience or even forbearance." In this year, 1832, however (practically forty years after the invention of the cotton gin), came what the Rev. Dr. Philip Slaughter called the "flood tide of anti-slavery feeling, which had been gradually rising for more than a century in Virginia." Desperate efforts were made by the Legislature to find some practical mode of getting rid of the wolf which the State held by the ears. But, while individual Virginians liberated 100,000 slaves between the Revolution and the War of Secession and, in many cases, also paid the expenses of their colonization, no workable scheme was hit upon for eliminating slavery from the State.

And thus many Virginians settled down to make the best of a bad situation, while a few, goaded to anger by the ever-swelling torrent of abuse by Northern Abolitionists, actually persuaded themselves in time that slavery was a blessing. Yet in 1848 the

Virginia historian Howison declared that in general the people of Virginia regarded slavery as an "enormous evil," and that this sentiment had been gaining ground during many years. In 1851 Matthew F. Maury spoke of slavery as a "curse." Bishop Meade in 1854 declared that slavery had injured all the interests of Virginia, religious, political, and agricultural; and in 1856 Robert E. Lee declared that few persons in that enlightened age would fail to acknowledge that as an institution slavery was "a moral and political evil in any country," adding, however, that he thought it "a greater evil to the white than to the black race." The absurdity of the charge that Virginia went to war to preserve her property in human flesh becomes still more apparent when we learn that, of the 1,047,299 white inhabitants of Virginia in 1860, only 52,128 owned slaves. For, even if we multiply this latter figure by five, in order to include the families of slaveholders, it still remains true that for every Virginian with a pecuniary interest in slavery there were three or four others with no such interest whatever. Reflecting, moreover, that so long as Virginia remained in the Union, her slave property was largely protected and enhanced in value by the Federal Fugitive Slave Law; that her legal rights in the Territories were maintained by the Kansas-Nebraska Act and the Dred Scott Decision; and that Lincoln and the Republican party were pledged not to interfere with slavery in any Southern State; we should convict Virginians of sheer imbecility if we proved their motive for secession to have been the mere desire to protect their investments in negro property. For to leave the Union and go to war was to give up all the above-mentioned safeguards and to abandon in addition the protection of federal bayonets against the murderous raids of such fanatics as John Brown. "I believe," said John S. Carlisle in the Virginia Convention of 1861, that slavery is a social, political and religious blessing. . . . How long, if you were to dissolve this Union . . . would African slavery have a foothold in this portion of the land? I venture the assertion that it would not exist in Virginia five years after the separation; and nowhere in the Southern States twenty years after."

After pointing out, in the concluding portion of Part II, how

the Northern Abolitionists denounced the Constitution as "a covenant with Death and an agreement with Hell," and how vehemently they urged the dissolution of the Union, Mr. Munford goes on, in Part III, to ask whether Virginia, too, hated the Constitution and the Union, and therefore conspired to destroy them both. Passing in review the part played by the State in the Revolutionary and Constitution-making periods, he calls attention to the fact that it was Virginia who, when the Cotton States had already withdrawn from the Union, called together the celebrated Peace Convention at Washington, presided over by the venerable ex-President, John Tyler, and did all in her power to heal the sectional breach. On the same day that the Peace Convention met, February 4, 1861, an election was held in Virginia to choose delegates to a State Convention to discuss what action the State was to take. The result was overwhelming defeat for the Secessionists. "Thus be it always remembered," says Charles Francis Adams, "Virginia did not take its place in the secession movement because of the election of an anti-slavery President. It did not raise its hand against the National Government from mere love of any peculiar institution, or a wish to protect or perpetuate it. It refused to be precipitated into a civil convulsion; and its refusal was of vital moment. The ground of Virginia's final action was of wholly another nature, and of a nature far more creditable."

What, then, was this ground? That question is answered in Part IV of Mr. Munford's book.

When Lincoln declared his intention to employ the Federal power "to hold, occupy and possess the property and places belonging to the Government and to collect the duties and imposts," the Secessionists saw plainly that he intended to coerce the Confederate States, and rejoiced at the prospect of seeing Virginia driven into secession rather than be *particeps criminis* in the use of coercion. Yet the great Union-loving majority of the Virginia Convention still hoped against hope that Lincoln's words might be susceptible of some other interpretation. The burning eloquence of commissioners from Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana could not move them to separate from the Union. As late as April 4, the Convention, by a vote of 104 to



31, expressed the hope that the Union might be preserved, and peace, prosperity, and fraternal feeling be restored. Yet the Convention declared, at the same time, in earnest, solemn tones, that Virginia would never consent to the use of Federal power, which was in part her own, for subjugating sovereign States. On April 13, three delegates appointed by the Convention appeared before Lincoln and requested him to state what his policy would be in regard to the Confederate States. But, in sending a fleet and army to reinforce Fort Sumter, Lincoln had already begun the war; and Jefferson Davis, not waiting for the pistol, cocked and pointed at his head, to be discharged, had fired his own. Fort Sumter was reduced; and Lincoln told the Virginia Committee that he held himself at liberty to repel what he termed the "unprovoked assault" upon Sumter, and to repossess it as well as other like places. The Committee made its report to the Convention on April 15; and on that same day came the news that Lincoln had ordered Virginia to furnish troops to help him conquer her Southern sisters.

Had Virginia hesitated at this supreme moment, she would have branded herself with inconsistency, cowardice, and infamy. Then indeed she might have been justly charged with putting her purse above her principles. But she did not hesitate. Tremulous with emotion, and with profound sorrow, yet promptly, and with iron resolution, her Convention on April 17 passed the Ordinance of Secession; and the people of the State ratified it by a vote of 128,884 against 32,134. Abraham Lincoln had forced her to choose between aiding and abetting the aggression of the strong, or suffering with the weak; and, to her eternal glory, she chose the right.

Such is a condensed statement of the view of Virginia's attitude toward slavery and secession elaborated by Mr. Munford, who, with the acumen of a lawyer and the equanimity of a judge, has set forth in detail the proofs of the conclusions indicated above. The materials upon which these conclusions are based are such as conform admirably to the canons of scientific research; copious quotations being given from original sources of all descriptions, including wills, deeds, unpublished letters, and the like. These materials are treated as the evidence of witnesses in court is treated; Mr. Munford alternately playing the part of counsel for the defense, counsel for the prosecution, and presiding judge. Nor can we doubt that his decision will

in the main be that of posterity. Here and there, probably, flaws may be discovered in the reasoning; or perhaps certain facts may not harmonize with some of the conclusions. We find, for example, in the petition of the people of Staunton praying the Convention of 1829-30 to abolish slavery, the statement that slavery was gaining ground in Virginia "with gigantic strides." How shall we reconcile this with the idea that at this very time Virginians were rapidly emancipating their slaves, and with Mr. Faulkner's assertion that no single member of the Legislature of 1832 avowed himself an advocate of slavery? The people of Staunton declared that slavery caused "waste and drain on the farm," and was "bringing poverty" upon all the inhabitants of Virginia. The representatives of counties as far apart as Fauquier and Rockbridge, Berkeley and Buckingham, are quoted as using similar language. How can such views be reconciled with the advance of slavery "with gigantic strides?" Were Virginians all fools? Did they all see the ruinous folly of slavery, and at the same time not merely cling to it but carry it forward with gigantic strides? The undersigned is of the opinion that the economically disastrous effects of slavery have been exaggerated by nearly all writers on the subject. If the statement of Dr. Henry Ruffner in 1847, that nearly 300,000 more people had emigrated from Virginia between 1790 and 1840 than from all the old free States combined, was a correct statement, it may be at least doubted whether the whole of this amazing exodus can be attributed to slavery solely. It is probable that the soil of Virginia was originally much less fertile than it is usually said to have been, and that not merely the exhaustion of some of it by tobacco-growing, coupled with ignorance of fertilizers and modern agricultural methods, but also the original poverty of much of the soil had a great deal to do with driving people from the State.

After all, however, little can be said except in praise of the book. It is not only scientifically sound and provided with a useful bibliography and index, but is also written in good, clear style, and in a tone wholly free from partisan or sectional bitterness. It is of absorbing interest, and should be read by every one, North and South, who cares for historical truth.

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## REVIEWS

PSYCHOLOGY AND THE TEACHER. By Hugo Münsterberg. New York: Appletons. 1909.

This work might well be called a philosophy of education, since it deals with the ultimate aims of education in a philosophical way. But it does more than that, it goes on into psychology, and discusses the means of accomplishing the aims. The book is divided into three parts: ethical, psychological, and educational. It is unfortunate that a better term could not have been found for the third part. The first and second parts are as much educational as the third, unless the term is used in any unduly narrow sense. The book is timely, because educational theory is in need of such a serious and profound discussion of the sources of its own principles and of the relations of its own parts, and because it will, in a great measure, remove certain wrong impressions which many teachers and the public generally have gotten from Professor Münsterberg's earlier writings. Those who have understood his position from the start will at once recognize this as a development and not as a change of view. The point that he has insisted upon continuously is that psychology cannot supply the whole of an educational theory. It can furnish us with much of the means, it cannot furnish us with the ends. It can tell us the laws of the mental processes we have, it cannot tell us what processes we ought to have, nor why we want to have any at all. It is useless to talk in a general way about beginning with facts, we have first to find out what facts. These we can select only when we know what ends we wish to serve. The determination of ends is an ethical problem. With this problem Part I deals.

The author maintains that in order to approach the question: What is the purpose for which the child is sent to school? we must begin with the questions: What are the purposes of life? What are the aims of every human being? What ends are worth while? In the world of substance before us we call that unreal which is in the mind of one only, and in the realm of values we call those absolute which must be common to all, while

the pleasures of an individual are purely personal. With this universal as a standard of value we find three large domains: logical values of truth and knowledge, the æsthetic values of "the harmony and unity and happiness and beauty, and the ethical values of progress and development, of law and morality," and as a basic principle binding these together the desire for the "self-maintenance of experience." Life is valuable in so far as it seeks absolute values,—that is, those that are "valid for everyone." "These logical and ethical and æsthetic and religious values are the necessary ideals of every human life which seeks a meaning. To build up these values by knowledge and friendship, by art and life, by growth and progress, by industry and law and morality and religion is a common task of striving mankind," and therefore the aim of education.

Part II is a discussion and explanation of those mental processes in which education is most interested and the subjects are treated from the teacher's standpoint. It is unnecessary to say that any treatise on psychology by Professor Münsterberg is sound and solid, and worth everyone's while to read who would know psychology. He might be criticized for making too sharp a distinction between the attitude of the scientist and the attitude of life. It is easy to see that personal interest interferes somewhat with impartial observation (though it is often the motive which stimulates it); it is not so easy, however, to see that appreciation stands in the way of explanation or that sympathy prevents analysis. The unity of purpose is one of the factors (even though not an element) which the psychologist must take into account in studying his subject. The chemist who studies the properties of oxygen and hydrogen need not ignore the properties of water, he need not drink it the less nor be the less able to enjoy a boat-ride. Upon this point one may disagree with Professor Münsterberg without detracting in the least from the value of his psychology.

Part III is a practical discussion of school problems based upon the philosophical principles and psychological analyses in the first two parts. It shows what mental factors enter into school work and how they are related. In brief, it shows how the school should take advantage of the psychological pro-

cesses which will bring the pupil nearer to the ideal elaborated in the earlier pages. School inspiration, the curriculum, elementary studies and higher studies are discussed in such a way as to give the reader an enthusiasm and appreciation that cannot fail to elevate every teacher who reads the book understandingly. The two aims of the school are to make the child able and to make him willing. The first of these is, for practical purposes, subdivided into the acquisition of knowledge and training in activity.

The first of these aims, to give the child ability, we have had for a long time. The second, to make him willing, we have scarcely yet recognized, and one of the great services Professor Münsterberg has performed is to give emphasis to this point. Popular education has failed more at this point than at any other. Too many think that schooling will help them to get along without work. Those who are familiar with the problem of the education of the colored race will see at once that the reason that negro education has proved a failure is that we have not yet hit upon any way of giving the negro an enthusiasm for work. Professor Münsterberg has, perhaps, not studied the problem of negro education at a close range, but the emphasis he places upon the development of will and the enthusiasm for progress is pertinent to the yet unsolved problem of the education of the masses. His ideals are lofty and worthy, but his conception of education is too exalted to apply to the kind of training that is all that the plebeian masses will be able to take for centuries to come, and it is entirely beyond application to those sub-plebeian classes of various colors whose presence among us has developed one of our practical educational problems.

The style of the book is solid and the subjects are treated by no means lightly, yet it is so readable and sustains interest so well that it is not simply easy to read, it is hard to put down. The better class of teachers should not fail to read it, but those teachers who have read but little educational theory or psychology and who are just able to get a certificate may as well let it alone.

While consistent thinking cannot go on without some sort of philosophy as a basis, the rather strange fact is to be noted that



people may agree on matters of everyday behavior and the practical problems of life and yet base their faith on very different philosophical principles. Professor Münsterberg's doctrine of absolute values and ultimate ends is interesting, apparently consistent, and rather inspiring, but for his desire for self-maintenance of experience one might substitute a blind instinct which makes people live because they have a horror of dying, and still come to the same practical conclusions. His ultimate aims make fine ideals, but they are not the aims people actually have. A private car is a fine thing to ride in, but the great majority ride in the day coaches, and many take the blind baggage.

J. F. MESSENGER.

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THE WRITERS OF SOUTH CAROLINA. By George A. Wauchope. Columbia: The State Company. 1909.

An attractive volume on *The Writers of South Carolina* has just come from the press of the State Company in Columbia. It is the work of Professor George A. Wauchope, Professor of English in the University of South Carolina, whose delicate appreciation of what is best in literature is evidenced not alone by his inspiring teaching in the classroom, but also by every page that comes from his pen. The book is a stout one of 420 pages, a fine example of mechanical workmanship. The print is large and clear, and all the aids in book-making, such as an alluring table of contents and accurate index, are included.

Professor Wauchope has enriched the thought and literary history of the South by these biographies of South Carolina writers, together with choice bits of their prose and poetry. The whole field is covered from early colonial times to the present,—the poets, orators, novelists, historians, and essayists. As one turns these pages, he is surprised at the amount of work which the thinkers in this ancient commonwealth have from time to time contributed to the expanding literature of America.

The South is surcharged with sentiment. Its history has been rich in human interest. It has had to suffer as no other portion of our country. It has been beset on all sides by a thorny racial problem without a precedent within the annals of

mankind. The colonial history of the South is not lacking in picturesque features and noble romance. In the Revolution these commonwealths played a creative part. In the era of the prolonged debate upon slavery, the South was on the defensive and exhibited in champions like Hayne and Calhoun argumentative power of the first order. Then came the outburst of heroism upon the battlefield, followed by prostration — suffering and silence that were too deep for tears. Can anyone doubt that out of this tragic history there is to arise a literature that appeals to the heart and imagination of mankind? The very warmth of the Southern mind as well as the wealth of our dramatic experiences lend confidence that we are to enter upon a creative period of literary expression surpassing anything we have hitherto known. Precedent to this literary activity must be spontaneity in thought and independence in action, which are happily growing among us from day to day.

Localism as well as nationalism has its place in American life, as Royce has shown. The vastness of our continental domain and the physical monotony of certain grand divisions of the Republic may tend to too great uniformity in art, literature, and ideals. Local color, local tradition, distinctive traits in manner and mind, community life with its particular genius and motive must be called into play to give due individuality and clearness of character to our thought, art, and literature. It was in localism that Greece was strong. It is said that perhaps as many as fourteen hundred cities in Italy in the Renaissance were altogether distinctive in their polity, art, and ideals. The South abounds in individualism, love of locality, survival of noble traditions, delight in the rights of the individual states, and a certain glow in the admiration of typical leaders. Even the antique has its uses for poetry and romance. The dramatic reappears at every juncture in Southern history and lends itself finely to the artistic demands of the orator, historian, and the novelist.

Reflections like these are started in the mind by reading the pages of this interesting book on *The Writers of South Carolina*.

It is surprising to note how many of the men who find a place

in this volume, drew their inspiration from the University of South Carolina. Hugh S. Legaré, Wade Hampton, William C. Preston, Henry J. Nott, James L. Petigru, James H. Thornwell, George McDuffie, Leroy F. Youmans, Maximilian La Borde, R. Means Davis, J. B. Allston, are only a few of those who were students in the ancient college in Columbia, founded and fostered by the State of South Carolina.

Professor Wauchope's able work will find its place in the homes, colleges and libraries of all of those who are interested in preserving the monuments of genius. It would be hard to point to a book that brings more vividly before the mind the long line of illustrious characters in the history of this State, with some suggestion in each instance of the vital force that throbbed in them.

S. C. MITCHELL.

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THE STAGE HISTORY OF SHAKESPEARE'S KING RICHARD THE THIRD.  
By Alice I. Perry Wood, Ph.D. New York: The Columbia University Press.

Miss Wood's scholarly and really readable book is exactly what its name implies — a "stage history" of the play that does not concern itself (as we are warned in the Preface) with discussions of text, date, authorship, or with æsthetic criticism. Miss Wood's standpoint is that of the stage, even when discussing, as she does in her first chapter, the dramatic origin of the play, and the various influences that went to the making of it. The work seems to be thorough; the results are clearly and entertainingly presented. The book as a whole is divided into seven chapters, giving the stage history of Richard III, through all its unusual vicissitudes, from Burbage, the Elizabethan actor, down to the American, Edwin Booth. Miss Wood devotes attention to the struggle between the original and the Cibber version of the text, to methods of staging, to the interpretation of Richard's character by the various great actors who have assumed the rôle — and this includes every great English and American actor of the last three centuries,—and to the changing attitude of the audience from Shakespeare's time down to the present. In the chapter, "Richard the Third in

America," Miss Wood, though stating that Mansfield presented a "fresh conception" of the part and "a new version" of the play, goes no further, but refers us to Mr. William Winter. One regrets here that the interesting portrait gallery was not rounded out with a picture of Mansfield's "Richard." Miss Wood makes throughout an excellent use of her authorities. A full bibliography shows the range of her research, and to all this collation she has added the results of her own careful thought and investigation. This general accuracy makes one all the more regret certain blunders that have crept into the text. One of the most serious of these occurs on Page 96, in which Jeremy Taylor is made responsible for Jeremy Collier's famous attack on the stage, in 1698. On page 105, we are forced to read "thirty-five years" instead of "twenty-five years," or be thrown into hopeless confusion. There is, again, in the book occasional obscurity of statement. Miss Wood does not always make clear to the reader whether her reference is to Shakespeare's chronicle plays or to those of the same or similar names on which he sometimes built. On page 57, the *Henry the Fifth* cannot be Shakespeare's, and yet we have in the same paragraph references to Shakespeare's *King John* and *Richard III*. This obscurity is found again on page 58, and elsewhere. There are, of course, occasional misprints, such as "or" for "our" on page 104. But all these are small matters. The book, as a whole, is excellent: it is scholarly; strangely enough, it is human, it is readable. It is a "genuine contribution" to stage history, and should find a place in the library of all students of the drama.

S. M. TUCKER.

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CYRUS HALL MCCORMICK: HIS LIFE AND WORK. By Herbert N. Casson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1909.

This volume, by a well known magazine writer, is the most substantial of the many sketches of the inventor of the reaper called forth by the centennial of his birth. The work deals not only with the personal life of McCormick, but with the evolution of the reaper, the building of the reaper business, the struggles with the Patent Office, and the social and economic

changes wrought in America and throughout the world by this greatest of agricultural inventions. Mr. Casson has covered part of this ground in an earlier volume called *The Romance of the Reaper*. His point of view is expressed in the following introductory sentence: "Whoever wishes to understand the making of the United States must read the life of Cyrus Hall McCormick. No other one man so truly represented the dawn of the industrial era,—the grapple of the pioneer with the crudities of a new country, the replacing of muscle with machinery, and the establishment of better ways and better times in farm and city alike."

Cyrus Hall McCormick was born on Walnut Grove Farm in Rockbridge County, Virginia, February 15, 1809. Here his father was born before him. His grandfather had come to the valley of Virginia from Pennsylvania, and his great-grandfather had come to Pennsylvania from the province of Ulster in Ireland about 1735. He was thus of Scotch-Irish stock and his life was typical of the race from which he sprang. It was rather the consummation of the struggles and aims of that race, for the task of subduing the interior of the continent, which they began with axe and rifle, was later carried to completion by his reaper.

Cyrus McCormick inherited his mechanical talent as well as his business ability and enterprise. His father was a successful and prosperous man, who owned about 1800 acres of land, on which he maintained sawmills, flour-mills, blacksmith and carpenter shops. His mechanical skill enabled him to make with his own hands almost anything he needed out of wood or iron. He began working on a reaper the year Cyrus was born, but was never able to perfect it. The son succeeded where the father had failed, and tested his first reaper in the harvest of 1831. Thus at the age of twenty-two young McCormick had forged the instrument which was to revolutionize the agricultural industry of the world, but the battle was yet to be fought, the revolution was to be accomplished only by a long life of warfare against conservatism, prejudices, mechanical difficulties, and his own ideas embodied in the machines of others. But McCormick combined with his inventive genius what is very



rare in men of his class,—a superb business ability. Had he lacked this, or had he invented his reaper later in life, he would have died poor and unknown, and some one else would have gathered the reward of his genius.

It was 1840 before the first machines were put on the market. That year two were sold. The first demand out of Virginia coming from Ohio, in 1844 he made a trip on horseback through that state, as well as through western New York, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Missouri, personally conducting field tests. This journey was a revelation to him. The great possibilities of the western prairies mightily seized his imagination. He at once sent his brother Leander to Cincinnati to superintend the construction of reapers by a firm there, while he went to Brockport, New York, a point from which reapers could be shipped eastward and westward through the Erie Canal, and made arrangements to have them manufactured at this point. With the same readiness to see and seize the strategic point he moved to Chicago in 1847, and began the manufacture of reapers on a large scale. McCormick and his great plant were prime factors in the transformation of this straggling village into the great city of to-day.

McCormick first exhibited his machine in Europe at the London Exhibition of 1851. When it was placed in the Crystal Palace it was ridiculed as "a cross between an Astley chariot, a wheel-barrow, and a flying-machine," but when the field test came, British prejudice melted away and the London *Times* declared it was worth the whole cost of the Exposition. This was the beginning of the conquest of Europe. When the Chicago fire occurred, McCormick's plant was completely destroyed. He was living in New York at the time and had accumulated several millions, but instead of retiring from business, he sold his New York house, moved to Chicago and personally superintended the rebuilding of his factory, connecting himself more closely than ever with the fortunes of that city.

McCormick was a man of strong convictions. In politics he was a Democrat and remained so to the end of his life. In 1860 he purchased the leading Democratic paper of Chicago in order to support Douglas for the presidency. In 1864 he ran

for Congress and later was a candidate for the United States Senate, but was defeated on both occasions. In religion he was a staunch Presbyterian and took an active part in the affairs of his church. He made handsome gifts to educational institutions and founded the great theological seminary in Chicago which now bears his name.

McCormick was one of the master-builders of the United States, and the story of his remarkable career as told in the volume before us deserves to be widely read. Mr. Casson's style is brisk, pointed, and vigorous, abounding in striking comparisons and contrasts, always interesting, and sometimes brilliant. On page 36 he refers to General Butler's raid through the valley of Virginia, evidently meaning General Hunter's.

JOHN H. LATANÉ.

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LE NOUVEAU CYNÉE—THE NEW CYNEAS OF ÉMERIC CRUCÉ. Edited with an Introduction and Translated into English from the Original French Text of 1623, by Thomas Willing Balch. Philadelphia: Allen, Lane & Scott. 1909.

This work, printed in the early part of the seventeenth century and now republished in sumptuous form, is a noteworthy expression of the widening interest in international arbitration and world peace. In its liberal views regarding international peace, religious toleration, and a universal union of the nations of the world, it must have been a remarkable, altogether unique, production in its day, and far in advance of its time. One of the most important points in the book,—a point which alone might have justified Mr. Balch in reprinting the text and translating it,—is Crucé's proposal for an International Court of Arbitration at Venice. In not a few practical details his plan anticipates the present Hague International Court. Though ridiculed by the Dutch Professor Gronovius, the volume probably had its influence on another Dutch writer, Hugo Grotius, who wrote two years later, 1625, on the same subject of international arbitration, and it doubtless attracted the attention of the Frenchman Sully; as it certainly did that of Leibniz, the German philosopher. As only three copies of the original

French edition are known to be in existence, Mr. Balch has performed a real service in reprinting a book of such historic interest and value.

The name Cynée is taken from Cineas in Plutarch's life of Pyrrhus. According to the famous dialogue between Cineas and King Pyrrhus as reported by Plutarch, Cineas asks the King what he proposes to do when he shall have conquered all the world. To this Pyrrhus replies: "We will take our ease and drink and be merry." "What hinders us," returns Cineas, "from drinking and taking our ease now, when we have already those things in our hands, at which we propose to arrive through seas of blood?" thus advising the King against war and for peace.

Even the correct name of the author, it seems, was not known till brought to light by Ernest Nys in 1890. Crucé, it appears, was a Parisian monk of sound sense and of considerable literary attainments, who was born in 1590 and died in 1648.

With few exceptions, the editorial work has been done with care and accuracy. Only two misprints have been noted: *Crece* for *Crucé*, on p. xviii, and the altogether unjustifiable form *jurist* (for *juris*)—*consult*, which occurs twice, pp. xxiv and xxvi, though the correct form is given on p. iii.

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A HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. By W. M. Patterson, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Oxford. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. 1909.

The point of view from which is written this able history of the English Church, wherein are traced lucidly, in a style that, while far less picturesque than that of Mr. Wakeman, is distinctly more terse and epigrammatic, its vicissitudes, from the third century to the close of the Victorian era, is that of the modern historian. That is to say, it is not written, as too many similar works of a former generation were, "with a purpose." The documents, or the results reached from an examination of the documents, are allowed to speak for themselves, and hence the reader does not continually find the author's conclusions

thrust upon him, but is allowed to draw his own inferences from the evidence itself.

The origin of British Christianity is of course unknown. Like the foundation of the Roman Church itself, it was probably indirectly due to the course of commerce; and as in the one case, Jewish merchants from the Capital were converted while travelling in Palestine, and returning to the Tiber, set up "the Church in their house," so the well-to-do Gauls, who were wont to spend their summers on the opposite shore of the Channel, or the German traders in the regular course of business, first planted the Cross of Christ in Britain. History proper begins with 314 A. D., at which date we find a regularly constituted Church on its shores, albeit poverty-stricken and scattered. The real foundation of the *Ecclesia Anglicana* belongs to Augustine and Theodore.

A feature of the book is the clearness with which the continuity of her life, particularly through the Middle Ages and the troublous period of the Reformation, is drawn out. No historian to-day, indeed, would maintain either that the Church of England is a State Church or a creation of Henry VIII or his "Virgin" daughter. Yet it is not many years ago since both contentions were common. But inasmuch as the history of the nation and the history of the Church are almost convertible terms, so that to understand the one the student must have a clear idea of the other, the relation of contemporary politics to the life and fortunes of the Church must in any adequate history be drawn out in detail: and this the author has most admirably done.

The work is characterized by learning, by a temperate spirit, and on the whole, by impartiality. It is inevitable that one's own theological convictions should appear at times, as in the excursus on the sacrificial aspect of the Holy Communion (page 267 ff.); but as a rule they are held in close restraint. While perhaps not containing so much that is original, it is a lucid narrative of the fortunes of that great historic Church which is at once Protestant and Catholic, maintaining the ancient faith yet permitting within the limits of the Creed the utmost latitude of expression and ceremonial; which, just because her watch-

word is "not compromise for the sake of peace but comprehension for the sake of truth," is not improbably to be the rallying point of a divided Christendom. STUART L. TYSON.

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THE GENTLEST ART. By E. V. Lucas. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907.

THE FRIENDLY CRAFT. By Elizabeth Deering Hanscom, Professor of English in Smith College. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1908.

These two little volumes, almost uniform in binding, plan, and purpose, with their somewhat mystifying titles, contain collections of letters by various hands and of various dates. Mr. Lucas has gathered entertaining examples of 'the gentlest art' chiefly from English letter-writers, with an occasional passage from Cicero, Seneca, and Pliny. Miss Hanscom's volume "represents the gleanings of several years in some of the pleasant by-paths of American literature. . . The reflection of a bit of bygone life, an odd or whimsical view of a situation, a swift and unconscious revelation of character, often merely the happy and individual turn of a phrase,—these and causes as slight have governed choice; while for no graver reasons other far weightier and perhaps worthier material has been rejected" (Preface).

In each volume, the table of contents, ordinarily a dry, uninteresting catalogue, is characterized by originality in the grouping and arrangement of the letters and by cleverness and whimsical humor in the phrasing of their contents. Even the captions at the top of each page are so tersely and suggestively phrased as to arrest the eye of the most superficial reader and tempt him to linger over the gossip and the love-letters of days long past: Miss Austen's Magnificent Project, Adonais Jokes, Oliver Goldsmith Arrested, Gads Hill's Birds, Thomas Carlyle Meets Queen Victoria; Benjamin Franklin Feels Better and is Glad to be at Home, John Hancock Can Live No Longer without Dolly, Mr. Hawthorne gets Breakfast, Mrs. Hawthorne Tells her Mother that the Baby Sleeps and Smiles. Throughout both books such cleverly worded sentences serve to link the letters



together and to lead the reader on from one pleasant by-path into another in intimate communion with noble men and women whom he has learned to know and love from his childhood days.

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THE SPRINGS OF HELICON. By L. W. Mackail, Professor of Poetry at Oxford. New York and London: Longmans, Green & Company. 1909.

This volume affords a happy exception to Mr. Symonds' rule that poetic criticism dwells mainly on the non-essentials. Professor Mackail's faith is to dwell chiefly on the best work of the greatest poets. His practice has already produced three — may we not say — masterpieces: his epigrams from the Greek Anthology, his History of Latin Literature, and his Life of William Morris. He is thus eminently fitted to discuss Chaucer as representing the early, and Spenser the late Renaissance, and Milton the full classical influence, in a little book that is full of visions of the enchantment, the splendor, and the perfection of poetry.

C. F.

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MIDSUMMER IN WHITTIER'S COUNTRY: A LITTLE STUDY OF SANDWICH CENTER. By Ethel Armes. Sewanee: The University Press. 1910. With the Author's own sketches.

In this attractive little volume, the writer has recorded her feelings of exuberant enthusiasm over the "sweet mountain meadows" and "golden fields" of the Quaker poet.

## BOOK NOTES

Of the excellent *First Folio Shakespeare*, edited by Porter and Clarke and published by Crowell & Company, there have recently appeared the following six plays: *Troilus and Cressida*, *Pericles*, *Tymon of Athens*, *Anthonie and Cleopatra*, *Titus Andronicus*, *Cymbeline*.

From the John Lane Company the following novels have been received: *The Haven* and *The Thief of Virtue*, by Eden Philpotts, both dealing with the slow-moving peasant life of Devon; *Margarita's Soul*, by Ingraham Lovell (Josephine Daskam Bacon), which, with its highly unconventional heroine and its series of startling incidents, offers a strong contrast to Mr. Philpotts' romances; *Candles in the Wind*, by Maud Diver, a study of the half-caste in India.

From the same publishers come: a welcome volume on *Maria Edgworth and Her Circle in the Days of Buonaparte and Bourbon*, by Constance Hill, a companion volume to *Jane Austen, Her Homes and Her Friends*, by the same author; an attractive book on *A Sienese Painter of the Franciscan Legend*, by Bernard Berenson, with twenty-six illustrations in collotype,—in which the author seeks to show the relation between Sassetta, Giotto, and the other artists of this same school, and to determine Sassetta's proper place among the Sienese painters. His conclusion is: "Sassetta was thus not only one of the few masters in Europe of imaginative design, but was the most important painter at Siena during the second quarter of the fifteenth century;" *Giovanni Boccaccio: A Biographical Study*, by Edward Hutton (to be reviewed in the next issue); *Mental Discipline and Educational Values*, by W. H. Heck, Professor of Education in the University of Virginia; *The Ball and the Cross*, by Gilbert K. Chesterton (to be reviewed in the next issue by Dr. Wardlaw Miles, of Princeton University); *Penguin Isle* and *Jacques Tournebroche*, by Anatole France (to be reviewed in the next issue by Dr. Edwin Preston Dargan, of the University of Virginia).

Some helpful religious books are: *The Kingdom of Heaven: What It Is and How We Enter It*, by C. H. Walpole, Rector of Lambeth, published by E. P. Dutton, being the Bishop Paddock Lectures; *The Heart of the Old Testament*, a manual for Christian students, by John R. Sampey, Sunday School Board, Southern Baptist Convention, Nashville, Tenn.; and *Old Testament History and Literature*, by B. H. Alford, late Vicar of St. Luke's, Nutford Place, London; *Preaching*, by F. E. Carter, M.A., Dean of Grahamstown, and *Present-Day Preaching*, by Charles Lewis Slattery, Rector of Christ Church, Springfield, Mass., recently appointed Rector of Christ Church, New York, to succeed Dr. Huntingdon. Both books will be reviewed in the next issue by Dr. W. S. Bishop, of the University of the South (Longmans, Green & Company).

*La Question Des Pêcheries de L'Atlantique*, by Thomas Willing Balch (Bruxelles), is a timely study of an important question which is to come up before the Hague International Court some time during the present year.

Two volumes of recent poetry have been received: one by Richard Burton, of the University of Minnesota, *From the Book of Life* (Little, Brown & Company); the other by Edwin Preston Dargan, of the University of Virginia, *Hylas, and Other Poems* (Richard G. Badger, The Gorham Press, Boston).

Three practical books for a course in journalism have been received: *Making a Newspaper*, by John L. Given (Holt & Company), now in its third printing; *Practical Journalism*, by Edwin L. Shuman (Appleton & Company); and *The American Newspaper*, by James Edward Rogers (The University of Chicago Press).

From the University of Chicago Press has been received a pamphlet on *Boccaccio and His Imitators*, by Florence Nightingale Jones, in which the imitations of Boccaccio's *Decameron* in the various countries of Europe, amounting to more than 850, excluding the Scandinavian, have been carefully listed, so as to illustrate graphically the wide-spread popularity of the various tales in the *Decameron*.

The latest volume of the Albion Series of Anglo-Saxon and Middle English Texts, published by Ginn & Company, contains *The Riddles of the Exeter Book*, by Frederick Tupper, Jr., of The University of Vermont. It is reserved for extended review in a later issue.

In view of the steadily increasing interest in intercollegiate debates and oratorical contests, two recent books are of considerable importance: *Argumentation and Debating*, by William Trufant Foster (Houghton Mifflin & Company); and *Representative College Orations*, by Edwin DuBois Shurter, Associate Professor of Public Speaking in the University of Texas (The Macmillan Company). In the latter volume there are represented sixty-four colleges from every section of the country, and the orations are, in some instances, unusually good.

A new text-book on *English Literature* by William J. Long, (Ginn & Company), is noteworthy for its attractive style, practical suggestions for study, and excellent typography.

Professor Brander Matthews's *Study of the Drama*, of which a chapter appeared in the January *Review*, has just come from the press of Houghton Mifflin & Company. It will be reviewed in a later issue.

An exceedingly valuable contribution to the history of education in the South is *The History of the University of North Carolina*, Vol. I, 1789-1868, by Kemp P. Battle, sometime President of the University, now Professor-Emeritus of History. It is printed for the author by the Edwards & Broughton Printing Company, Raleigh, N. C. Professor Battle is at work on the second volume, which will complete his history of the University to the present time.

From Thomas Y. Crowell & Company has just come a volume on *China and the Far East: Lectures Delivered During the Second Decennial Celebration of Clark University*, edited by George H. Blakeslee. These lectures, dealing with China, Korea, and Japan, form an exceedingly valuable study of problems in the Far East by recognized authorities on the subject.